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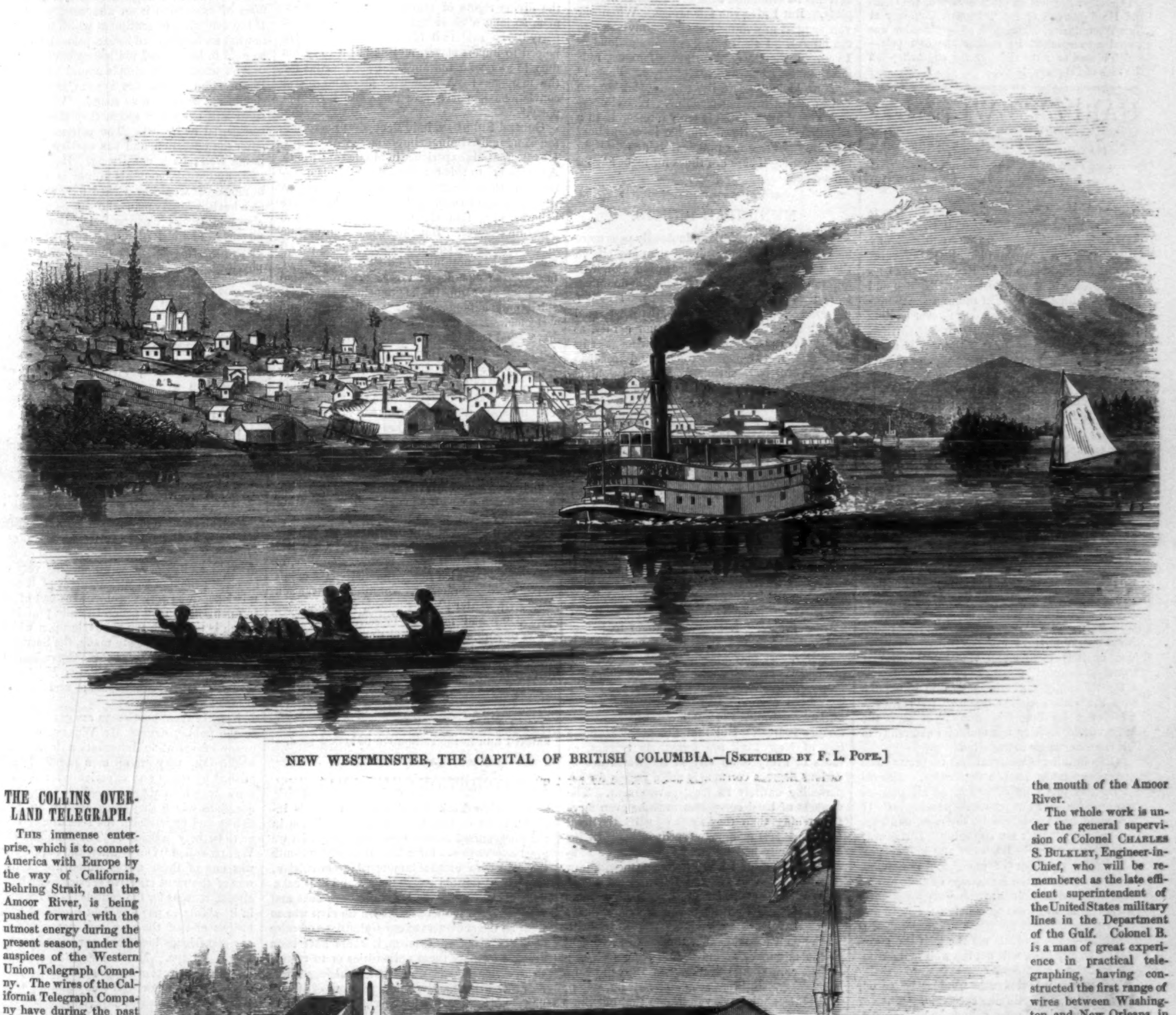


NEW WESTMINSTER, THE CAPITAL OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.—[SKETCHED BY F. L. POPE.]

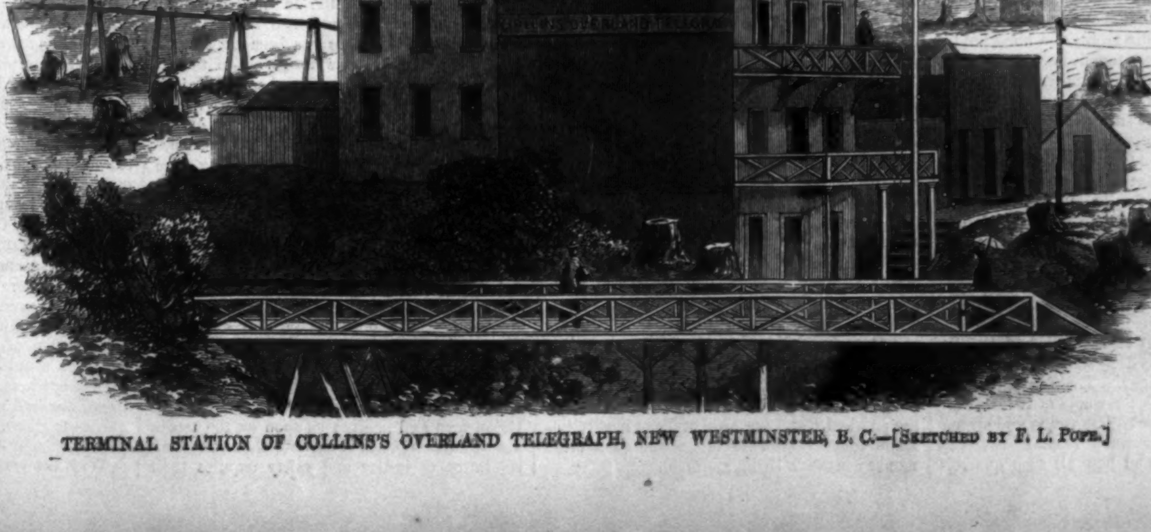
THE COLLINS OVERLAND TELEGRAPH.

THIS immense enterprise, which is to connect America with Europe by the way of California, Behring Strait, and the Amoor River, is being pushed forward with the utmost energy during the present season, under the auspices of the Western Union Telegraph Company. The wires of the California Telegraph Company have during the past winter been extended through Oregon and Washington Territory, as far as New Westminster, the capital of British Columbia, and are now in operation to that point. At New Westminster the Collins Overland Telegraph proper commences, and will extend up Frazer River nearly to its source, and thence nearly parallel with the coast, following the general direction of the valley between the Rocky Mountains and the Coast Range to a point at or near Behring Strait, which will be crossed by a submarine cable. The line will thence extend through the eastern portion of Siberia until it meets the telegraph, now nearly completed by the Russian Government, from St. Petersburg to the mouth of the Amoor River.

The whole work is under the general supervision of Colonel CHARLES S. BULKLEY, Engineer-in-Chief, who will be remembered as the late efficient superintendent of the United States military lines in the Department of the Gulf. Colonel B. is a man of great experience in practical telegraphing, having constructed the first range of wires between Washington and New Orleans, in the year 1847.

The construction of the overland line through the colony of British Columbia is proceeding with great rapidity, considering the mountainous and difficult nature of the country. This division is under the immediate charge of Assistant-Engineer ED. CONWAY, late of the United States Military Telegraph.

A party, under command of Major F. L. POPE, of Massachusetts, is now engaged in making explorations in the country lying between the head of Frazer River and Behring Strait, in order to determine the most practicable route for the telegraph. Other exploring parties will also be set at work the present season



TERMINAL STATION OF COLLINS'S OVERLAND TELEGRAPH, NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.—[SKETCHED BY F. L. POPE.]

along the Asiatic portion of the route. The city of New Westminster, of which we give an illustration, is pleasantly situated on the north bank of the Frazer, about fifteen miles from its mouth. This spot was selected as the capital of the colony in 1859. At that time a dense forest covered the present site of the city. The trees in this portion of British Columbia grow to an astonishing size. Many of the stumps still remaining in the city measure from 15 to 20 feet in diameter. The trees themselves average over 200 feet in height, and one which was recently cut at New Westminster had attained the enormous height of 309 feet!

New Westminster has already become a place of some size and importance, and contains, besides many stores and dwellings, four churches, a bank, the colonial hospital, and the Government buildings. The residence of the Governor is delightfully situated near the river, a mile above the town.

As a port New Westminster is possessed of great advantages, the Frazer being navigable for vessels drawing 18 or 20 feet of water as far as this place. The overland telegraph crosses the river in front of the city by means of a submarine cable 2500 feet in length.

Our other illustration gives a view of the Office and Head-quarters of the Telegraph Company at New Westminster. The work of construction was formally commenced by setting the first pole—which is seen near the right of the engraving—on the 24th of February, 1865.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 12, 1865.

GRANDMA.

Will the "radicals," "fanatics," "sectionalists," and "incendiaries" never give their Grandmother "Conservatism" any peace? Must the poor old lady be kept forever stumping about trying to hit them with her baggy umbrella and merely losing her balance and her temper together? Will the reprobates never mind her scolding, and go on forever smiling as she calls them hard names in her shrillest tone? Is it not enough that the war is at an end? Must these sturdy fellows clamor to have the results of the war secured? Is it not enough that rebels have been worsted? Must these pestilent brawlers insist also that they shall not be trusted? Here is a wolf in Grandma's nursery, and it has been driven under the bed. Is it not enough to make the nervous old lady forswear her sex to hear these imps crying out to make an end of him? Isn't he out of sight, you exasperating crew, and won't you shut your mischievous mouths and be quiet?

So the old lady moans and scolds and rocks herself in ludicrous wrath. If a pleasant voice says that we had perhaps better consider what is to be done next—"Oh, you abominable radical!" groans the blessed Grandma. If another whispers that experience has not taught us to believe every thing which our wayward sisters say—"Oh, you vile sectionalist!" whimpers the mobcap. If a third wonders whether American citizens have equal rights—"Oh, you wretched fanatic!" gasps the ruffled dame. If a fourth mildly suggests that those who have won the victory should organize its results—"Oh, you howling incendiary!" screams the futile virago, shaking her umbrella and ready to fall from her chair in vexation.

Grandmother Conservatism is pretty well known and understood in the family. Her sagacity has one rule of action in all possible emergencies—"Shut your mouth and eyes." If you want to be comfortable, she says, don't see any thing and don't say any thing. If the wolf is drinking above the lamb and the wolf accuses his woolly neighbor of muddying the water, shake your fist at the lamb, says Grandma, and call him a vile sectional incendiary for stirring the stream. Suppose he is below the wolf, and can't possibly affect the water where the wolf is drinking—thou fool! is not the wolf the stronger? In any case, will not the wolf make trouble and the lamb submit?

When our late domestic troubles began our Grandma was an edifying spectacle. Some of the family insisted upon ruling the house exactly as they chose, even to smearing it all over with filth or burning it down. The others protested. The bullies threatened. So we counted noses, and found that they were only a few who were bent upon disturbing the household. None of their rights were touched or threatened, but they insisted upon touching those of the rest of the family. It was clear that either the bullies or the family must surrender. They must rule, or the family must.

Just at this moment Grandmother Conservatism opened her mouth: "Let them have their way," said she to the family; "what have you been exasperating them for? Don't you know they are your brethren? Let them have their way, or they'll pull the house down about our ears!"

The family listened to their hearts and their honor, to law and justice, instead of the old woman, and the fight began. The blows—as brothers' blows always are—were deadly. The uproar was tremendous. The din filled the world. And through the whole of it how that old woman did cackle! The young and strong members—those who knew exactly what the quarrel was about, and how all such quarrels must be settled—naturally directed the family in the fight. But whenever they said, "Now, hit 'em here!" they heard the familiar quaver trembling in—"Oh! you wretched fanatics! you vile incendiaries! who brought this horrible struggle upon us!" And whenever the cheery voice of vigor and conviction cried again, "And now, hit 'em there!" once more the sharp squeal arose—"Oh, dear me! these radicals will be the death of us! Stop, you sectionalists! I solemnly declare that you are ruining every thing. It is you who are guilty of every thing. Dear me! the floor is shaking; the house is coming down! And you have done it—you factious, incendiary radicals. Oh, radicalism! radicalism! Oh! oh! oh!" The family put the old lady in the closet, and finished the fight by a general victory.

Now that it is over they have opened the closet and the same Grandmother steps out. Leaning on her umbrella and smoothing her rumpled ribbons and furbelows, she begins at once: "Of course radicalism has no manners. It treats its Grandma without a spark of natural piety. But I give you fair notice. Whenever you suggest any thing I shall use my voice to the utmost. I shall call you names as loud as I can. I shall, you abominable fanatics, radicals, sectionalists, and incendiaries. There!"

The old lady keeps her word. Her tongue rattles like a mowing-machine. She vituperates with a fluency that is truly interesting in a scientific point of view. But her incessant buzz is of exactly the same practical value as during the struggle. These are times for men, not for old women.

MUNICIPAL RIGHTS.

The city of New York undoubtedly pays more money for a worse government than any city in the world. Its local administration is a vast and notorious swindle. Its taxes are doubtless three times as large as they need be. Its chief officers are, with few exceptions, the most venal of politicians. Neither honesty nor ability, as a rule, are to be found in any department of its civic affairs. Men of character and responsibility instinctively shrink from actual contact with the persons and processes of the municipal administration as they recoil from pestilence. Every necessary public work is a mercenary job, for which the tax-payers are enormously fleeced. The "city" is a jest and a by-word at home and a disgrace abroad.

But the city is the tax-payers, and they submit to the imposition and cheat. There are periodical protests, but there is no deep, vital, indignant public resolution that the nuisance shall be abated. When there is it will be. When the tax-payers are determined that their money shall not be stolen they will take the trouble necessary to retain it. So long as they are willing to be swindled who shall complain? Their submission may disgrace them, as it undoubtedly does. It may show them to be utterly unworthy the institutions under which they live. It may sadly discredit the popular principle. It may encourage by example venality every where, and so threaten the stability of the whole system. It may tend to an ultimate committee of public safety and revolutionary redress. But that the politics of the city of New York are extremely corrupt, as those of every other city in the world are in various degrees corrupt, is not a reason for superseding entirely its local government. The dangers of local corruption must be even more threatening than they are to justify the total disregard of fundamental principles. If, indeed, the city had followed the advice of Fernando Wood, and had attempted to withdraw from the State, as Georgia followed the advice of Wood's confederate, Robert Toombs, and tried to secede from the Union, we should have hoped that the State, having successfully resisted the effort, would suffer the local government of the city to be resumed only upon such conditions as it should deem essential to the common safety. But that emergency has not arisen; and it is certainly very desirable that our State politics should not degenerate into a contest between the rights of local government in the city of New York and the same rights in the smaller cities and the rural districts.

It is plain that if a combination of the country cities and districts should ever succeed in setting aside the local government of the great city, except under such circumstances as would clearly justify such extraordinary action, not only would such a policy be condemned by every intelligent American, but it would inevitably lead to political alliances between the great city and some of the smaller ones to deprive the other small cities and towns of the same rights. And the power of large cities in such contests is historical.

We hope, therefore, that none of our friends in the country, within the State of New York or beyond it, will suffer from any fear of preposterous issues in our politics. The taste for strong excitement is not extinct with the rebellion, and the purveyors of sensational politics will still hope to startle the nerves of distant readers. Let those readers remember that there are political Barnums also, and not hastily imagine that every cod's tail sewed to a dried monkey makes a living mermaid.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S SPEECHES.

General Sherman is making a great many speeches, and they are curiously characteristic. They are trenchant, impetuous, honest, and crude. The crafty managers who thought, when he made his convention with Johnston, that they had now found the man they had been looking for, must watch the daily telegrams with the most painful solicitude. For the General is plainly not a man to be manipulated. He speaks clearly his own views without the least regard to any conceivable party exigency. He has all the traditional honesty and directness of a soldier. In New York he disdained the embraces of the Common Council, to which political aspirants are usually obliged to submit. In Ohio he said that General Cox was a good soldier, and he hoped he would be elected Governor. Yet there were persons who thought that the hero of Atlanta would actually receive a nomination from the party that supported Vallandigham two years ago! In Indianapolis—without the least regard for "the compromises," or the divine rights of States to make beasts of men, so long a cherished "principle" of "the party"—he said that his sea-faring ancestors helped to import slaves, and he felt it to be his duty to atone for the ancestral sins. Alas for the managers! A man with profound moral convictions is not a safe candidate for "the party."

General Sherman, indeed, opposes negro suffrage and indiscriminate intercourse with whites. He says that his experience in Mexico and South America led to this conclusion. Did his experience in those countries also persuade him that white suffrage was any more to be trusted? He believes, also, that the whites must have the governing power. But the American doctrine of Liberty asserts equality of opportunity for all men. It has nothing to do with the color of faces or the equality of races. A professional politician appealing to the grog-shops and party-spirit may harangue about "white men," and welcome. But the conceit that men are not to have equal rights because of their color is a foolish figment that will not long be entertained in so masculine a brain and honest a heart as General Sherman's. His good sense rallied again in saying that military law was the natural law of self-preservation; but when the necessity was passed he hoped the civil law would resume its sway.

There is a boyish impulsiveness and frankness in all that General Sherman says and does which are very winning. His instincts are generous, but his conclusions are often immature and hasty. Amazed as we were by the convention which he made with Johnston, we can not praise too highly the manly tone of his letter of the 25th of April to the Secretary of War, in which he said, with noble simplicity, "I admit my folly in embracing in a military convention any civil matter;" and added, with touching pride, "I had flattered myself that by four years of patient and unremitting and successful labor I deserved no reminder such as is contained in the last paragraph of your letter to General Grant."

General Sherman's speeches have doubtless imperiled his chances—which he probably despises—with the politicians, but they have not harmed him in the estimation of honest men.

THE CONDITION OF THE PATIENT.

The New York *Evening Post*, which is inclined to an optimistic view of the situation in the unorganized States, says very justly that we must expect to see for a long time at the South the evidences of the late terrible convulsion. "Will not the old convictions stand?" it asks, "the old feelings rankle, the old sores ache and shoot. Even if there had been no civil war to sharpen the acuteness of our jealousies and raise new grounds of antagonism, it would have been difficult to allay these animosities or to correct these reciprocal suspicions and repulsions. But now that the hot and virulent passions of an actual conflict of arms have been superadded to the old causes of estrangement and dislike, it will be still more difficult."

Certainly it will. The feeling of the whole region is morbid. A letter in the Cincinnati *Gazette* says: "If the returned rebel officers and soldiers, of whom it has been popular to say 'all the rebellion is whipped out of them,' are so anxious to reconstruct the old Union, why is it that they do not so demean themselves as to establish the fact?" It then quotes several instances of "wicked insubordination," which it says it would not mention if they were isolated and not representative cases. A correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who has traveled for the purpose of observation four thousand miles through the heart of the late rebellion in Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, reports that the general feeling is one of acquiescence in the force of superior numbers. "We don't admit that our cause was a bad one, but it has failed." The Raleigh *Progress* says that "the native element, including the aristocracy, are growing more defiant every day, and now openly threaten to hang Union men and negroes as soon as the troops are withdrawn;" and it declares that every consideration of justice and safety requires their continued presence. The Mobile *News* has a letter from Okolona, in Mississippi, written a month ago, which says that "many of the best citizens hesitate to take the amnesty oath. They say that they thus bind themselves to perfect the ruin of their country." And an intelligent correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* writes from Mobile: "I have listened by the hour to the familiar, social, unrestrained talk of Southern people, and I have been sorry to conclude, from all that I have heard, that the damnable heresy of the States Right doctrine, upon which, with imagined evils threatened to the institution of slavery, they based their acts of secession and rebellion, is as deeply rooted in their convictions as it ever was."

All our private information is in the same strain. The entire testimony is of universal disaffection. That it is the natural ebullition of chagrin is true, but it is also the sign of actual hostility. That we must not exaggerate it nor be too much concerned at a logical consequence of defeat, is a judicious suggestion, but that it is an occasional or exceptional state of mind and form of expression is an unnecessary delusion. If the condition of sentiment which is indicated in what we have quoted be exceptional, we should be glad to be referred to illustrations of the rule.

And what is the simple moral of the tale? Plainly that, while the system is morbid, it should not be treated as sound. While the old sores still ache and shoot, they should not be considered as healed. The patient has undergone the operation and has survived it, but he is not well; he is not strong. He is diseased still, and weak, and his frame is full of ill-humors. It would be wicked folly to treat him as a healthy hearty man who can go, unassisted, about his usual business. He is still in the physician's hands. He must still submit to the necessary regimen. He must do whatever the physician thinks essential to his final cure. It may be disagreeable, but curative processes often are. That the patient is still a man, is undeniable. But that he is a well man, and has either the right or power to do what well men may, is absurd. See what antics he played the other day at the Fredericksburg and Henrico County elections in Virginia! His conduct showed him to be out of his head. Let us, then, provide every means of safe and speedy cure. Let us encourage all his natural forces to their normal action. But let us take the most vigilant care, meanwhile, that he neither harms himself nor his neighbors.

THE REVENUE COMMISSION.

The suggestion of a commission to codify our elaborate and confused revenue system, and to report upon the best practical method of raising internal and external revenue, was very wise; and the principle of appointment of the Commissioners was very sensible. Instead of selecting gentlemen of a general public prominence, which is too much the principle upon which all official appointments are made, the Secretary of the Treasury has named three Commissioners—Mr. David A. Wells, of Troy; Mr. Stephen Colwell, of Philadelphia; and Mr. S. S. Hayes, of Chicago.

None of these gentlemen are generally known to the public, except Mr. Wells, whose Annuary of scientific information is a standard work. But they are all men peculiarly accomplished by study and experience for the special work to which they are called. And, as the questions which they must explore are both of theory and experience, the selection appears to us to be very judicious. The pamphlet of Mr. Wells, called "Our Burden and our Strength," was one of those words which are deeds. It was of the most effective service in giving conclusive reasons for the confidence of the country in its ability to pay any debt necessary to a victorious end of the war, and not only fortified our best friends but shook our most incredulous foes in Europe. Mr. Colwell's peculiar ability on all subjects of economical science, derived from the most thorough study and the most extensive and successful experience as a merchant and iron manufacturer, has been long known by the Government, and his advice has been constantly sought. Mr. Hayes is an intelligent merchant of Chicago, whose knowledge and experience of Western trade, resources, and facilities will be of the utmost value.

It is a wise practice, which we trust may be generally adopted, to select for important public trusts and labors of this kind those who, upon careful inquiry, are found especially fitted for them, in preference to those who are especially clamorous or anxious to fill them. There is always a vast multitude of persons, whose names are more or less publicly familiar, who are ready for any thing, from the superintendence of a national laboratory to the guardianship of coast boats or the embassy to Japan; and, without reason, the mere publicity of a name is accepted as a kind of credential of qualification. But in the case of such a commission as this, for the examination of the revenue system, the presumption should be in favor of names not generally known, upon the ground that the appointing power had sought by carefully-directed inquiries to discover the most trusty and capable persons.

With the gentlemen named upon this commission we may be sure that there will be neither jobbery, nor ignorance, nor political prejudice to perplex the investigation; but that an arduous, most useful, and thankless task will be thoroughly and satisfactorily accomplished.

DEAD-HEADS.

In a previous article in this journal attention was drawn to the increased traffic of Northern railways since the restoration of peace, and at the same time reference was made to two prom-[illegible] causes of the unpopularity of railway [illegible]ks as investments. Since then the action [illegible]n by two prominent boards of railway di[illegible]ion is suggestive of further development of [illegible] subject. The directors of the Michigan [illegible]uthern and Northern Indiana Railroad have "passed" (*i. e.*, failed to pay) their summer dividend on their common stock; while the direct[illegible]s of the Erie Railway Company, on 26th ult., declared a dividend of four per cent. on their common stock.

The cases of these two companies were identical in every point save the last action of the directors. Both had fully earned a dividend. Neither had any money on hand. Both had spent their surplus earnings on new equipment and increased facilities for the transaction of business. The Michigan Southern earned net last year about $1,500,000, only $900,000 of which reached the hands of the treasurer, the balance having been used by the superintendent to pay for new rolling stock. Thus when dividend day came round, last January, the directors had no money on hand; but, unwilling to disappoint their stockholders, they declared 3½ per cent., and borrowed the money to pay it. During the first six months of 1865 the Company earned about 23 per cent. more than in the corresponding period of 1864; yet the directors have not yet been able to pay back the loan of last January. The Erie earned in 1864 about $4,000,000 net; yet, when the directors met in January to determine the dividend question, it was found that not only had the Company no money to divide (though 22,000 shares of new stock had been sold at and above par for new construction), but it owed $1,960,000 to a leading director, and had other liabilities maturing in the ensuing six months which it was clear the income of the road could not meet. The Erie directors, like the directors of the Michigan Southern, were unwilling to disappoint their stockholders, and declared the usual four per cent. dividend, borrowing the money to pay it. This loan has not been paid off. Thus far the position of the two concerns was alike at every stage. Now it begins to differ. The Erie directors, relying on enormous gross earnings, and on the evident increasing popularity of the stock, pay another dividend, borrowing the money again for the purpose; the Michigan Southern directors suspend dividends until they can pay off their floating debt.

Without undertaking to canvass the arguments which can be urged in support of either policy, it may be remarked that the embarrassments of both companies have arisen from the fatal error to which we lately drew attention—an attempt to provide out of earnings new construction to keep pace with the rapid development of the country and the increase of local traffic. In this effort—which always has proved and always will prove suicidal—either the Company or the stockholders must be sacrificed. The Erie directors have sacrificed the Company; the Michigan Southern directors their stockholders.

A traveler passing over our leading Northern lines of railway is apt to form an exaggerated notion of the prosperity of those enterprises. He sees train after train crowded to suffocation and limited in length only by the capacity of the locomotive to haul it; long strings of freight-cars at every turn-out waiting for an idle engine to draw them forward; merchandise and produce piled up by the mile at the termini, mutely praying to be moved. He naturally infers that such railroads must be rolling in wealth. And yet, if he inquires, he will find that these same roads can barely pay interest on their cost.

The anomaly is easily explained on lines whose managers insist on defraying new construction out of earnings. But even on those which avoid this blunder there are vices of administration which suffice to account for unproductiveness. The chief of these is the Dead-head system.

It may seem a remarkable statement, but we believe it is true that on our Western lines there are more free than paying passengers. In the language of a leading director of a prominent Western road:

"We [meaning the directors] have to pass all the members of the Legislature, editors and politicians, for fear of hostile legislation. Then our freight agents pass all the merchants, in order to get their freight. Finally, the conductors pass all the tavern and hotel keepers, livery-stable keepers, theatrical and fancy people, for obvious reasons. Nobody that I can discover pays his fare on our line except green emigrants, foreign travelers, and a few farmers."

There is no reason to regard the statement as exaggerated. Another railway director states that in Chicago no man who "knows the ropes" and possesses any degree of smartness ever, by any chance, pays any railroad fare to the East. Even when freight offers far in excess of the lines to carry it, the competition between the various agents and touters is so brisk that, for the sake of securing the promise of a merchant's business, free passes for himself, his family, and even his friends are offered—nay, pressed upon him. No business in the world could stand such a tax as this.

Why a man who would scorn not only to beg $5 of his neighbor, but to receive such a sum as a present, should not only be willing to accept a free railroad ticket worth $5, but should sue for it as a favor or demand it as a right, when the least reflection would satisfy him that every dollar saved to him is just a dollar taken out of the pocket of some railway shareholder who needs it badly, is one of the anomalies of modern civilization. Here in the East the system does not flourish as exuberantly as at the West. But even here, when a gentleman of pretty extensive acquaintance in Wall Street mentioned to a friend that he was going on business to a town on the New York Central, he was told:

"You go by the boat? All right. Ask Mr. Drew; he'll give you a pass. On the Central I'll get you a pass from Mr. ——, one of the freight agents; he's a great friend of mine; we've just had a cocktail together. Return by the Hudson River? Call on old Vanderbilt; he'll give you a season ticket."

Remark that the gentleman who thus seemed to assume that paying was out of the question would have knocked down any man who had proposed to *give* him, as a free donation, three dollars currency; and that his friend, for whom this begging enterprise was to be set on foot, was perfectly able to pay his way, had no sort of claim on the railroads, and never could by any chance help or hurt them. The theory simply was that it is mean to beg money, but not mean to beg its equivalent in railway tickets.

Time was, they say, when editors were notorious dead-heads—not only traveled free, but lived free at hotels, and even got their hats, boots, and breeches free of charge. There was a degree of fairness in this. The editor was expected to give a puff in exchange for the state-room, dinner, hat, or breeches: and calculating the puff at so much a line according to the current rates of advertising, the dead-head did not always get the best of the bargain. But now no respectable newspaper admits puffs on such terms; and it is well understood that editors who claim the privileges of dead-heads are merely indigent beggars who plead *in forma pauperis*, and have nothing to give in exchange for the alms they receive.

So far as the railroads are concerned the dead-head system is simply ruin to them. It requires good and careful management on the part of all leading lines to make money, in the face of constantly-increasing charges for repairs, and the fluctuations of crops, and the uncertainties of internal commerce. No railroad can make money unless it be administered with severe economy and close vigilance. Leaks, either in the income or in the outgo, will eventually ruin the best situate road. In our great railroad-building era—from 1848 to 1858—wherever we found business for one line we built two or three; and though the growth of the country and the increase of population are helping all the leading lines toward a position of productiveness, the least waste or mismanagement tells quickly on dividends.

If the stock of our leading lines—especially in the West—is ever to become as reliable an investment as bank or insurance stocks the dead-head system must be abolished, and people must no more expect to be carried free on railway trains than they now expect to get their insurance free of charge, or to have bank facilities extended to them when they have no claim to such accommodation.

PUBLIC PROGRESS.

A new public danger menaces us. An ingenious youth in Brooklyn advertises that for twenty-five cents he will inclose to any address "the likeness of your future husband," and a generous jury in Washington has decided that a woman may shoot a man who jilts her. Now if the ingenious youth chooses to send to any curious dame in Buffalo or Milwaukee, or at some remote town or country side upon the Tombigbee or Chattahoochie rivers, the likeness of the amiable gentleman who is at this moment perusing these lines, and he thoughtlessly declines to serve as "the future husband," is it not plain that he has—unwittingly, indeed, but none the less surely—excited false hopes, for which he must be prepared to suffer? Clearly, if a man, upon intimate acquaintance with a lady, can not change his matrimonial mind without justifying her shooting him, how much less shall he escape if he changes his mind without any acquaintance whatever? Why may there not be constructive jilting as well as constructive treason?

There is another interesting aspect of the question. Suppose the jilting to be first upon the woman's side, and the swain in despair betakes himself to another bride. Why, to gratify her wounded pride that a man whom she has rejected should console himself with the smiles of another, should not the indignant lady shoot the old lover at sight, claim that she was jilted, put in his love-letters as evidence, and be triumphantly acquitted amidst enthusiastic applause?

The natural interpretation of the new code of courtship is found in the story that is told in the papers. "Carrie, dear, will you please lend me your revolver, I fear George will not be true to his promise to-night?" "Why, Emma, I'm so sorry. I've just lent my revolver to Mary, as she has found a beau with ever so much more money than Alfred; but, dear, I can let you have my ivory-handled stiletto with much pleasure."

The war has evidently made human life less sacred in public estimation, or a jury would hardly have held jilting to be a justification of murder. That a woman should shoot a man who has betrayed and ruined her is accepted by society, for obvious reasons, as a wild justice. But a breach of promise to marry has not hitherto been supposed to excuse assassination. A wise people, however, will not disdain to learn. Mr. Reverdy Johnson makes perjury a political duty; Mr. Horace Greeley would have active treason viewed as a difference of opinion; and a Washington jury finds that a man who breaks his word is justly shot for it.

Meanwhile another case raises a question. A gentleman, discovering the criminal complicity of another with his wife, shoots him dead upon the street. Here is revenge for an actual injury. But if a woman who murders a man for breaking his word is acquitted amidst the tumultuous applause of the audience, ought not a man who shoots another for a terrible wrong to be invited to a public dinner?

A subscription has been proposed for Miss Harris. Has any subscription been suggested for the wife and child of her victim?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

OUR ARMY ON THE RIO GRANDE.

While every where else our armies are diminishing the number of the army of the Rio Grande increases every week. General Merritt's cavalry force are on the move from Shreveport to San Antonio. Stringent orders have been issued to prevent the soldiers from straggling and plundering. General Merritt tells the inhabitants of Texas "that the cavalry commands on the march in the State come to protect and foster the rights, property, and best interests of the people. The troops will be kept in the most exact state of discipline, and any infringement of the rights of individuals, should any occur, will be severely punished." To his soldiers he says: "The attention of the command is called to the fact that the march will be made through a section of country recognizing the Government and laws of the United States. The rights of property must be strictly respected. All soldiers are forbidden to enter the houses of citizens under any pretense whatever, and it is hoped and expected that the conduct of the command in all matters of discipline will be such as to give the most entire satisfaction."

The head-quarters of Generals Steele and Weitzel were at last accounts at Brazos Santiago, but will probably be soon removed to Brownsville. Clarksville and White Ranch, near the mouth of the Rio Grande, have been occupied with strong forces. Troops are rapidly arriving, and are marched into the interior and along the Rio Grande. The Fourth Corps was partly in New Orleans and partly at Indianola at last accounts. The remainder of Weitzel's artillery was leaving New Orleans, only delayed by the difficulty of getting suitable vessels for landing on the Texas coast.

A fleet of fifty sail, mostly French, lies off the Rio Grande. Maximilian's forces are estimated at from 16,000 to 20,000. Cortinas is said to be on the Texas side of the river, a few miles above Matamoras.

RECONSTRUCTION.

We make some remarks elsewhere in regard to the Richmond election. The result of the election is unfavorable not only as regards the officers elected but as regards the spirit with which it was conducted. A direct issue was made between Union men and men known as committed to secession, and the latter triumphed. It was on this account chiefly that General Turner annulled the election by an order issued July 29. The grounds for this order may be specified as follows:

1. The exclusion of voters on the ground of having lost their residence by absence in the Union armies, when no such ground was taken as against citizens absent in rebel armies.
2. With few exceptions all of the officers elected have been prominent rebels.
3. The issue was direct as between rebels and Unionists.

The Richmond *Republic* had before the election warned the people of their danger. It urged them to bring forward no candidates that had held either Confederate or State offices, because that by doing so they would lay themselves open to charges of dissatisfaction, if not of disloyalty. The sole object of the people ought to be to prove that they were loyal to the Union, now that they have thrown down their arms, and that they make no mental reservation in taking the oath of allegiance. It adds:

"If a thoroughly Union ticket succeeds, pardons may be expected for our property holders, civil government will be restored, and general prosperity may attend our efforts to rebuild the city. If, on the contrary, gentlemen are elected in whom the military authorities have no confidence, they may be prevented from taking their offices, military rule may be continued, and a general confiscation of property may result."

The Richmond *Times*, on the other hand, treated the whole subject with characteristic levity. The people of Richmond must show that they were not to be scared into voting for this man or that man; and, to show that they were not, why not vote for rebels, if they chose to express their defiance in that way?

The Richmond *Bulletin* frankly discloses its rebel proclivities. It discourses upon the election in the following strain:

"Here, at the termination of a war unparalleled in its violence and magnitude, at a period when the relations of the State to the General Government can scarcely be called re-established, the people, in their sovereign and untrammeled power, give expression to their views and feelings in a manner which leaves no doubt or room for doubt. The election of yesterday simply means that the people of Virginia, so far at least as Richmond can be taken as a representative of that people, turn not with the spirit of the craven and the renegade from opinions which their kith and kin have died for. While no open platform of political creed was placed before the people, it is clear that the protestations of a pseudo-Unionism on the one hand, met by a political reticence on the other, gave the voters the true issue upon which they were called upon to decide; and all whose pride and love of State cling to the Old Dominion will rejoice to-day that the decision has been made in favor of good men and true."

THE NAVAL TRIAL.

Immediately upon the reception of the letter of Mr. Dickerson challenging a trial of the engines of the *Algonquin*, built under his supervision and direction, with any vessel of a similar class that might be designated, to decide the claim of superiority of his engines in economy of fuel and development of power, Secretary Welles issued orders designating the *Winooski* as the competing vessel.

The trial as proposed by the Secretary will be simply a test of the machinery of the *Algonquin*, as compared with that of the double-enders now used in the navy. The two things to be considered are the amount of power developed and the cost of fuel. The trial will take place at the New York wharf.

NEWS ITEMS.

The rebel pirate *Shenandoah* has been definitely heard from by the whaling bark *Milo*, which brings to San Francisco several crews of vessels destroyed last month. It seems that the pirate Captain was fully informed of Lee's surrender, but affected not to believe it. He was also informed of the assassination of President Lincoln, and that he believed readily because he expected it. The Arctic whaling fleet of about 60 vessels will probably be entirely destroyed. The pirate is said to have sailed last from Melbourne, and is manned by English and Irish cut-throats.

General Schofield, commanding the Department of North Carolina, with head-quarters at Raleigh, has issued an order requiring officers in the late rebel service to remove all badges, military buttons, braid, cord, or other articles designating rank. All persons found with such articles on, five days after receiving notice of the order, are to have the same taken off them by the Provost Marshal.

Major-General H. G. Wright has been assigned to the command of the Department of Texas.

Brigadier-General Joshua L. Chamberlain, of the First Division, Fifth Army Corps, has been promoted to be Major-General by brevet, the appointment to date back to March 29, the day of the battle of Quaker Road.

Major E. S. Osborn, on duty in the Bureau of Military Justice, has just returned from a tour through the South, where he has been collecting evidence against certain officials of the late rebel Government, who are charged with cruelty to our prisoners while confined at Andersonville and other places in the South. The commandant of the Andersonville prison, Captain Wirz, has been arrested and lodged in the Old Capitol. He is shortly to be put upon his trial for the cruelty and barbarity practiced by him upon our prisoners confined at that place. The military commission sitting in Washington, of which Brigadier-General A. B. Hunterwood is President, and Colonel N. P. Chapman, of the War Department, is Judge-Advocate, has been directed to try the case. The Government is now engaged in the collection of testimony, preparatory to trial.

The Raleigh *Progress* says that the native (white) element in that region openly threaten that as soon as the troops are withdrawn they will hang all loyal white men and all negroes. Perhaps they will not quite fulfill this amiable intention.

We learn from Texas that on the 13th ult. two companies of the Seventy-eighth Iowa Cavalry fought five hundred Sioux Indians, and captured four of them. The Indian loss was unknown, but it was thought to be heavy.

The Louisville *Democrat* estimates that over 60,000 slaves have crossed over the Ohio River, under General Palmer's passes, since the 1st of May. At this rate the whole slave population of Kentucky will "pass away" in less than one year.

An Irish correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* having claimed that four-fifths of the Union army during the late war were Irishmen, that paper declares that a careful inspection of the army-rolls will show that not exceeding 50,000 men of Irish nativity fought in the Union ranks. Of the whole 1,500,000 names on the rolls eighty per cent. are native born. Many persons believe that the Irish Roman Catholics generally sympathized with slavery and the rebellion, and opposed the Government in its efforts to maintain the Union.

The *National Intelligencer* states that a satisfactory arrangement has been made with Mr. John T. Ford for the occupancy of his theatre by the Government.

The City of Hudson was visited July 25 by a gang of roughs and thieves, who accompanied the excursion of the Emmet Guard from Albany. The most violent outrages were committed by these miscreants, who for several hours held entire possession of the city, assaulting men, women, and children, and "clearing out" places of business. Only six arrests were made, and a strangely lenient Judge let the villains off with a light fine. This is offering a premium on rowdyism.

The Secretary of War, appreciating the importance of collecting and preserving the records of the war, has issued an order establishing a new bureau, of which Dr. Francis Lieber has been appointed chief, with a pay of Cavalry Colonel, for the collection, safe-keeping, and publication of rebel archives that have come into the possession of this Government.

The last of the 7.30 loan was disposed of July 26. The whole amount of the three series is $830,000,000.

The population of Milwaukee, by the census just completed, foots up 55,640—a gain of 10,844 since 1860.

In the rowing match on July 28 between the Yale and Harvard boys, the former were the victors. Yale made three miles in 17 minutes 42½ seconds; Harvard in 18 minutes 10 seconds; difference 27½ seconds.

A gun two hundred and thirty-five years old, which went through the revolutionary and the war of 1812, was fired in Albany on the Fourth. With one other exception, the gun has not been fired since the war of 1812.

Friday, July 28, was the eighty-seventh birthday of Rear-Admiral Charles Stewart, who was born in Philadelphia July 28, 1778, just after the evacuation of the city by the British. His original entry into the navy was on the 9th of March, 1798, so that he has been over sixty-seven years in the service. He is still active and hearty.

The Florida *Union* says that the afflicted father of Payne, the would-be murderer of Secretary Seward, has been making a visit to Jacksonville, in that State. The *Union* says: "The father of Payne called on us one day this week. He resides on a plantation three miles from Live Oak Station, on the Pensacola and Georgia Railroad. He lost one son at the battle of Murfreesboro; another returned home maimed for life. 'Lewis' was his only hope in his old age. The afflicted father was a Baptist minister, as has been stated."

FOREIGN NEWS.

The news of the fate of the conspirators concerned in the assassination of President Lincoln occasioned no surprise in Europe. The London *Times* says:

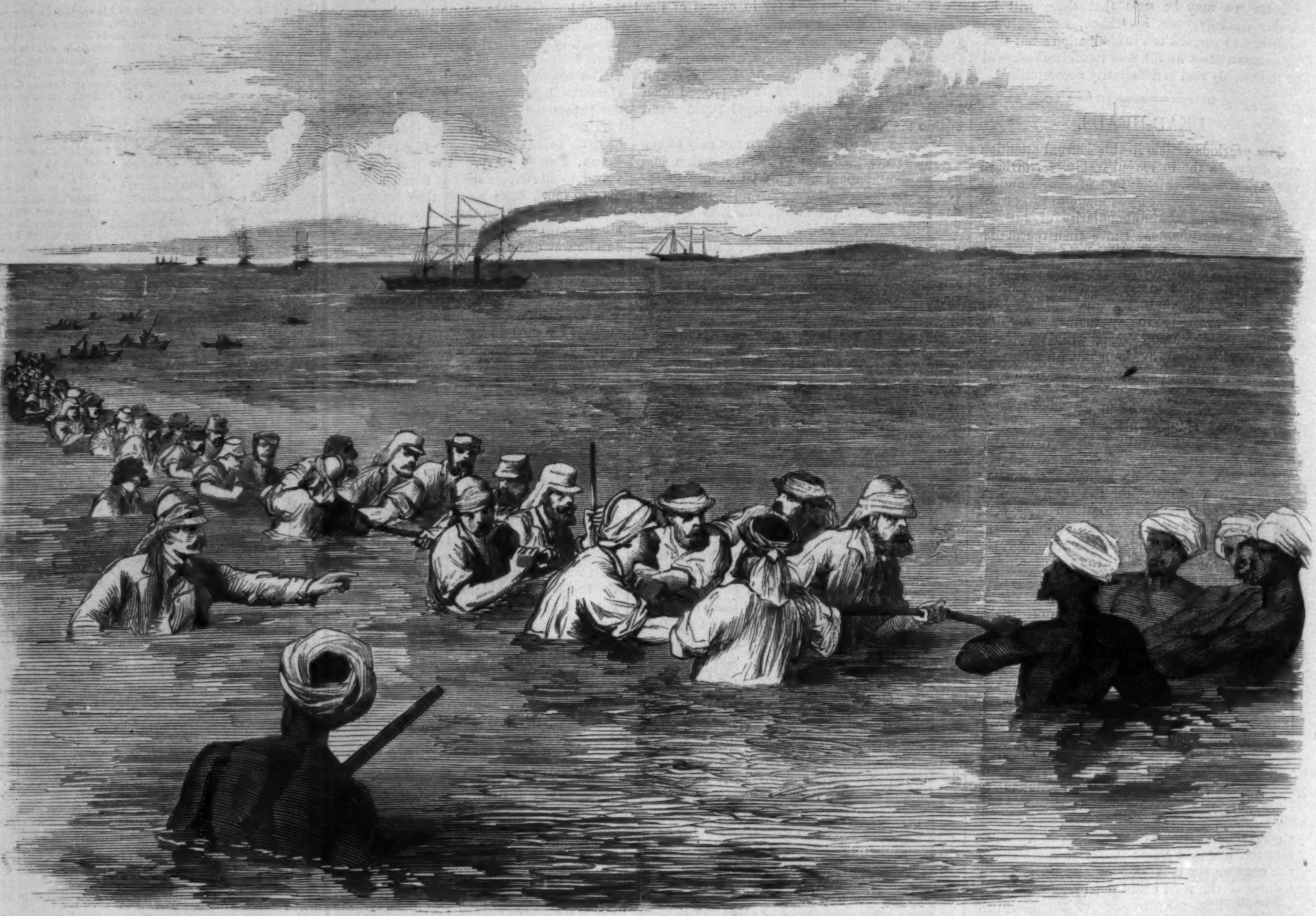
"They have been convicted at last by a court-martial, after a trial so protracted as to exhaust the patience of the American public. Whatever may be alleged against the jurisdiction of this military commission its proceedings were certainly not too summary, for they lasted over many weeks, and are said to be embodied in 4300 pages of tedious manuscript. No less than 361 witnesses were examined, and it is to the credit of the Government that the expenses of those called for the defense have been defrayed out of the public funds. Against the severity of these sentences not a word can be said. The lives of Booth and his fellow-conspirators were most justly forfeited. Human judges can recognize no excuse for assassination. If tyrannicide can ever be justified as an appeal to a higher law, it must be justified before a higher tribunal than any earthly judgment-seat."

A telegram from Valentia of the 21st ult. states that the Atlantic cable was landed for earth connection, and two miles payed out to sea. The main shore-end will be landed on the 22d if the weather continues fine.

The elections in England have closed. The returns show a Liberal gain of 24 members. Gladstone was defeated in Oxford, but ran successfully for South Lancashire. The elections were attended with even more than the usual amount of disorder and rioting.

The cholera has broken out in Birmingham.—Constance Kent, who recently pleaded guilty to what was known as the Road Murder, which occurred some years ago, is sentenced to suffer death. The court and jury, it seems, were not so gallant as in the case of Miss Harris, the circumstances of whose crime were far less extenuating. The victim of Constance Kent's murder was a little child, and she herself was but a young girl of fifteen or sixteen when the crime was committed. She was detected through her own confession.

On the [illegible]th of July Richard Hildreth, author of the History of the United States, died at Florence, Italy.



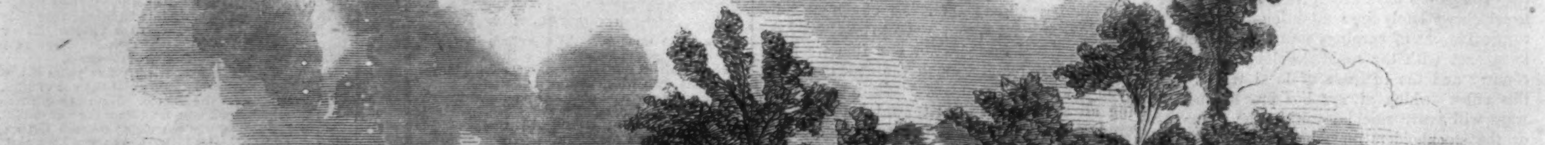
THE INDO-EUROPEAN TELEGRAPH—LANDING THE CABLE IN THE MUD AT FAO, PERSIAN GULF.—[See Page 502.]

TRIAL OF MOWING-MACHINES.

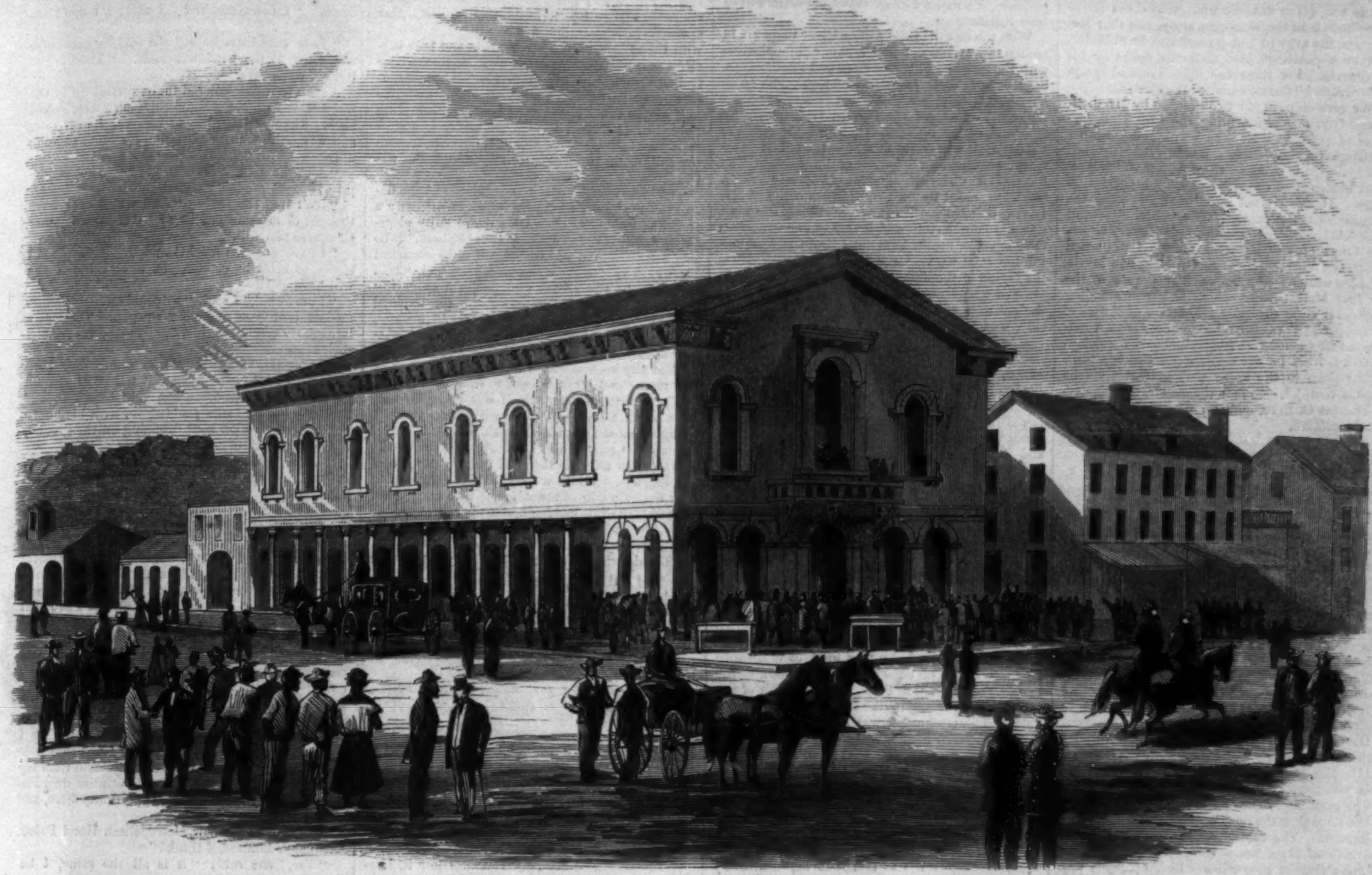
A TRIAL of mowing-machines as to their efficiency and draft came off on the 25th and 26th of July, on the banks of the little river Bronx, at West Mount Vernon, on the Harlem road. The competition was for the prize of a gold medal offered by the American Institute for the best mowing-machine. Owing to the limited advertisement of the trial, and the short time allowed for preparation, but a few machines were present. About two thousand persons were present to witness the affair, but were kept waiting in the hot sun for hours after the appointed time.

As proving the merits of any one machine over the rest the trial can not be considered at all conclusive. It seems to us that at least a week's time should be given to such a trial, and that, under all the circumstances of various growths of clover and grass, the month of June decidedly offering the most advantages. The horses should be ordinary farm-horses, no great superiority of one team over another being allowed; the wear and tear of machines, the condition of the horses, and the amount of work done all taken into consideration. The best farmers do not believe any thorough test of machines can be made in a day with picked men and horses, and machines much more highly wrought than the average of those kept for sale.

The trial, on the whole, resulted favorably for the mechanical interests concerned. It conclusively proved the superiority of machine over hand labor.



TRIAL OF MOWING-MACHINES, July 25 and 26, AT WEST MOUNT VERNON.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]

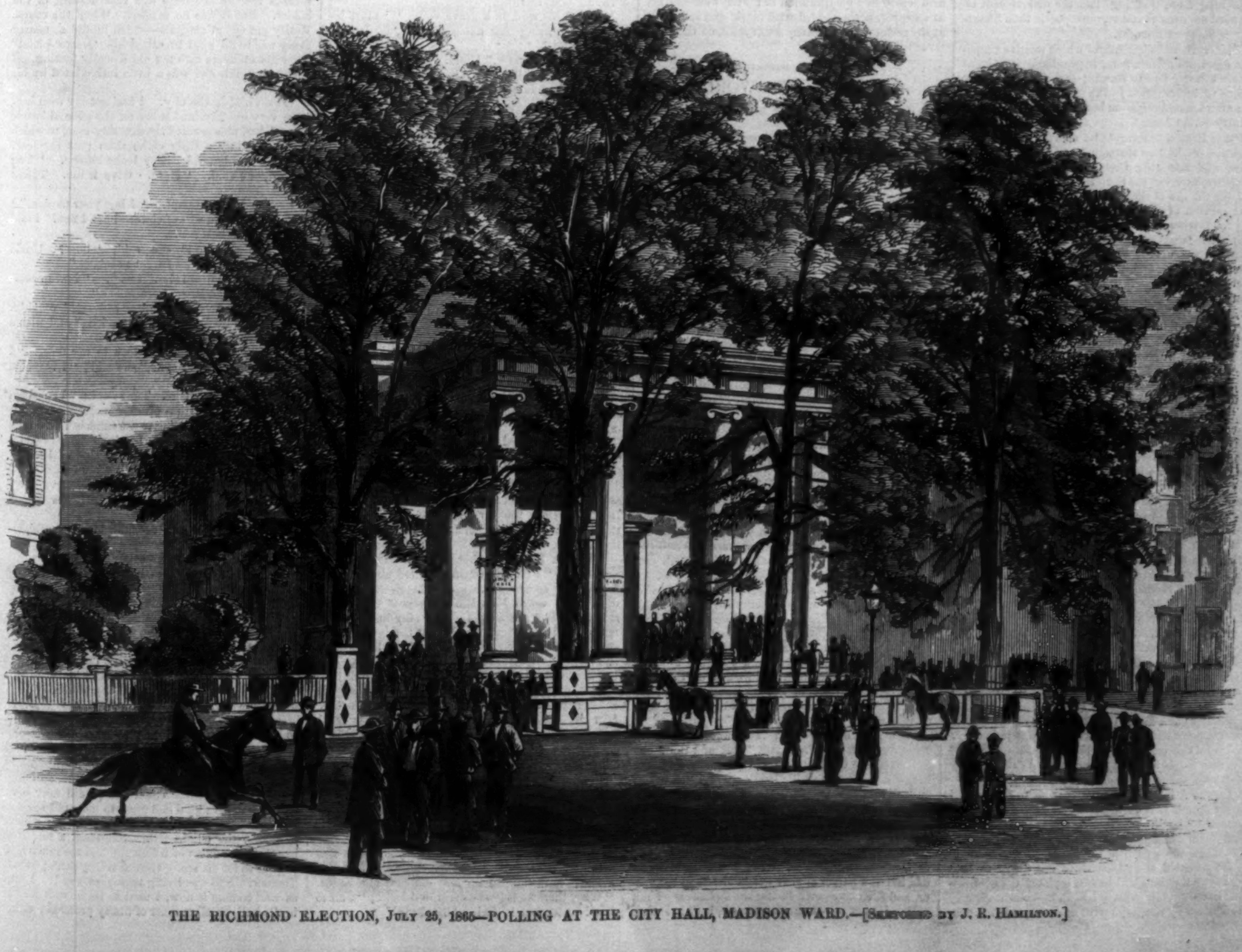


THE RICHMOND ELECTION, July 25, 1865—THE POLLING AT THE FIRST MARKET-HOUSE, CORNER OF MAINE AND 17th STREETS.—[Sketched by J. R. Hamilton.]

THE RICHMOND ELECTION.

The various elections now going on in the States recently in rebellion are a cause of deep interest and solicitude throughout the country, for upon the spirit evinced in those elections will very much depend the mode of treatment to be henceforth accorded the Southern States by the Government. We know of no State which is watched with more anxiety than Virginia; for, now as heretofore, her actions form a guide and model for the remaining portion of the South.

The election which took place in Richmond on Tuesday the 25th July was of unusual consequence, and involved the selection of a Mayor and all other municipal officers. The military authorities, with commendable reticence, refrained from taking any steps whatever that could be, directly or indirectly, construed into an attempt at influencing the result. They were determined that it should be a spontaneous exhibition of the feeling existing among the people. That feeling does not appear to have been all that could be desired by the military authorities and the "Unconditional Union" portion of the com-



THE RICHMOND ELECTION, July 25, 1865—POLLING AT THE CITY HALL, MADISON WARD.—[Sketched by J. R. Hamilton.]

munity, as the results showed that a marked preference was given to those who could claim active participation in the insurgent army, and that Mr. Taylor, the avowed Union candidate, lost his election by a published card distinctly declaring his sentiments. For these and other inimical symptoms General Turner annulled the election.

We give on page 501 two sketches by Mr. J. R. Hamilton, one representing the City Hall, the place of polling in Madison Ward, and the other the Market-house, Jefferson Ward. The City Hall is a plain Doric building, the façade of which is almost hidden from the street view by luxuriant foliage. It was erected in 1815, shortly after the burning of the Richmond Theatre, and afterward remodeled in 1854. Here is held the Mayor's Court, the Court of Hustings, the famous Conciliation Court, and other municipal offices. The new Market-house was erected about 1854, on the site of the old first Market-house, which had been standing there ever since the early foundation of the city. The upper part was used during the war as a rendezvous for Confederate troops, and is now employed as a barrack for our soldiers. There is a third polling-place in the upper part of the city (the Monroe Ward), which is in the old blacksmith shop of Thomas C. Epps, and is a very old and dilapidated structure.

GIRDLING THE WORLD BY TELEGRAPH.

It is now quite certain, in the event of the success of the Atlantic Telegraph, that within the next five years there will be a continuous chain of telegraphic communication around the globe. We give this week on our first page, and on pages 500, 504, 505, and 508, a large number of illustrations relating to each of the three important sections or departments of this world-surrounding system. The telegraph map of the world on page 508 will give our readers at a glance the whole of this grand system of intercommunication. The three separate divisions may be thus designated:

I. The Atlantic Telegraph, from Valentia to Heart's Content, connecting Europe with America.

II. The Overland Telegraph, connecting America with Asia.

III. The Indo-European Telegraph, connecting Asia with Europe.

The most important of these three sections, and at the same time the most uncertain, is the Atlantic Telegraph. The cable, which was completed on the 29th of May, has a continuous and uninterrupted circuit of 2300 miles. Every possible precaution has been regarded in its construction and in paying it out. As the former cable, though not nearly so carefully wrought, was momentarily a success, it seemed to demonstrate the possibility of telegraphic communication across the Atlantic. The present cable will bear a strain upon it of seven and three-fourths tons. If successful—and its patrons surely deserve success for their perseverance—it will be the greatest triumph ever achieved by mechanical art over nature. Its success will be something more thrilling than the dénouement of the most exciting romance, more poetic than Shakspeare's happiest thought.

The Overland Telegraph, of which we give a separate description elsewhere, is peculiarly important to this country and to Russia; and, in case of any failure or interruption in the great Atlantic cable, will afford communication between Europe and this country across Asia.

Great Britain has granted a charter for the construction of the line through her American possessions, and last July Congress, in chartering the company, directed the Secretary of the Navy to detail, for the use of the surveys and soundings along that portion of the Pacific coast, both of America and Asia, where it is proposed to establish said telegraph, one steam or sailing vessel, in his discretion, to assist in surveys and soundings, laying down submerged cable, and in transporting materials connected therewith. Secretary Welles's "discretion" has already assigned the steam revenue cutter, transferred from the Treasury to the Navy Department, which has been refitted and armed at San Francisco, to the service of the expedition. Another and larger steamer was also sent out from this side. With the vessels already employed, and those that will be engaged in the constant transportation of materials and supplies, the land and naval force of the expedition will number not less than two thousand men.

New Westminster, the Gulf of Georgia, British Columbia, is the immediate base of operations. The first stretch will be from New Westminster to Fort Alexander, thence to Fort Frazer or Fort St. James, and thence to Fort Bahine, a distance, as the crow flies, of about four hundred miles. The country thus far has been explored and is settled "in spots" by fur-hunters and traders. Far beyond, on a nearly-direct line to the Petty River, are forts and stations, here and there, belonging to or built for the Hudson's Bay Company; but the necessity for supplies and materials will keep the exploring party, and will establish the telegraph line, nearer the coast, and the route proposed contemplates an exploration of 3000 miles through wild and heretofore almost untrodden territory from Lake Bahine, the centre of British Columbia, to the Yukan River, the extreme limit of the British possessions in America.

From Yukan River to Cape Prince of Wales, the nearest point to the Asiatic coast, the route is easy; and from this cape to Cape East, the distance across Behring Strait requiring a submerged cable, is only thirty-six miles.

On the Asiatic continent the point to be reached is the mouth of the Amoor River. The route may extend by land the entire distance, or only to Penjinsk Gulf, and by cable across the Okhotsk sea. To reach the mouth of the Amoor River will require a period of at least three years, and by that time the Russians will have completed the connecting line from this point to Irkoutsk, which is already connected by telegraph with St. Petersburg. Then, with or without the Atlantic telegraph line, the Puck prophecy of putting a girdle round the earth will be fully realized.

With the mouth of the Amoor River there are in reality two systems of telegraphic communication with Europe—the Indo-European and the line passing through Siberia to St. Petersburg. The Indo-European telegraph extends from England to India through Turkey and the Persian Gulf, partly by land and partly by sea. The route through the Persian Gulf was established after the failure to establish communication by way of the Red Sea. The line was laid under the direction of Colonel Patrick Stewart, aided by Sir Charles Bright and Mr. Latimer Clarke. The great difficulty in this work was the manufacture and laying of the enormous mass of cable, nearly 1500 miles, and weighing upward of 5000 tons. On the 3d of February, 1864, the laying of the first section of the cable between Gwadur and Mussendom, a barren promontory at the entrance of the Persian Gulf on the Arabian side, was commenced, and was completed in the course of a month. On the 25th of March the section between Mussendom and Bushire was completed. The last section—between Kurrachee and the head of the Persian Gulf at Fao—was completed April 5. We give on page 500 a sketch of the laying of the shore end in the mud at Fao, which is a small Turkish village at the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates. At this point the extreme shallowness of the water for several miles made it necessary to land the cable in boats over a combination of mud and water, which rendered the operation both difficult and dangerous. The communication by way of the Persian Gulf, which was recently interrupted, has been restored.

CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH IN PARIS.

With more patriotic fervor than ever before does the American abroad now turn his eyes to his own land. We give on page 508 an illustration of the fête at Pre-Catelan, in Paris, given in honor of our national anniversary by the American residents at Paris. The celebration was an enthusiastic one. More than seven hundred persons responded to the generous invitation of our Minister, Mr. Bigelow. The Diplomatic Corps were all present with the single exception of Prince Metternich, who was otherwise engaged. There were likewise at the festival descendants of the Lafayettes and Rochambeaus—families intimately connected with our revolutionary history. With these exceptions the fête was, as it was meant to be, exclusively American.

The company was received by Mr. Bigelow, assisted by several American gentlemen residents here, and after a considerable portion of the guests had assembled, the Minister made a short and appropriate address of welcome. Later on, speeches were made by Mr. Putnam, United States Consul at Havre, Mr. Cowdin, of New York, and Hon. Amos Tuck, of Boston.

At 11 o'clock in the evening about sixty gentlemen joined in a continuation of the day's celebration at a supper, accompanied with music and speeches, at the restaurant of Desire Beaurain, on the Boulevard Poissonnière.

A LIFT IN THE WORLD.

When for days, and even weeks, my eyes had rested every morning regularly on the advertisements of the Metropolitan Palace Company (Limited, indeed, only as regards liability), and read the reckless, flaming way in which the advantages of the proposed establishment were introduced to the public—spreading over half columns and columns of newspapers, I little thought the day would come when my whole happiness would be curiously connected with that famous speculation. As I read of the four hundred beds they were to "put up," and of the enormous dining-room, where the four hundred guests could be feasted; of the ladies' sitting-room, decorated in the Arabesque manner by Owen Jones; and of the spacious hall, the telegraphy, the "grand stair," the great pond that was laid out upon the roof, and, above all, of the magic "lift" which so mysteriously carried human beings up to the top flight of all—I little dreamed that a theatre was about being built which was to be the scene of a drama full of the strangest and most absorbing interest to me.

Latterly, business, travel, and what not, had necessitated my absence from home for nearly two years. One of the reasons for this prolonged sojourn I must not conceal. From early youth—even from a time preceding early youth—I had never been "strong," as it is called. Unfortunately, one night, long after both these stages had been gone through, I had sat up a whole night on the deck of a steamer, in defiance of warnings and remonstrances. It was a romantic night, and the time passed very sweetly indeed; but toward morning heavy dews came on, which settled on my chest. In a week "marked pulmonary symptoms" set in, to use my doctor's phrase; and in a month I had been "brought round," to use another of his phrases, with the exception of a confirmed difficulty of breathing. He said it was a tendency to asthma; it struck me as being entitled to all the honors of that description. It soon became so troublesome that I was recommended to go about and travel—which I did.

I came home by the Bay. The morning on which I got down was a very "stiff" one, and the packet lay outside the harbor. We had to get on board in boats. We got to the boat—we had to descend a very slippery ladder. I got down safely, and saw that a fresh, gay young lady in screams of laughter was following, in that natural embarrassment about her dress which seems always to attend on the operations of ladies descending ladders or companion-stairs. She had a dressing-case in one hand, a parcel of shawls and cloaks in the other, and she came down facing the audience. I ran—that is, got up—to her assistance, kept the dress well down; and though I was rising and falling like a fisherman's float, owing to the rocking of the boat, I fancy I performed a real service. Her dressing-case was stowed away under a bench; with the assistance of a lurch the young lady herself was settled into her seat with much laughter and enjoyment. A few miserable-looking passengers—ghastly by anticipation—looking with disgust on the raw sea and open boat, and accepting the ladder as though it were the ladder of a scaffold, were assisted down, and then the boat, spreading sail, began to swirl and roll through the waters.

The little incident of a dressing-case and the descent of the ladder was quite sufficient to justify a traveling intimacy. We were delightfully pleasant during that little voyage in the open boat. She was a hoyden, and wished the sail to be stretched tightly, so as "to make the boat," she said, "lean *well* over." The sailors were inclined to gratify her, admiring her spirit and relish for nautical matters. But the rueful passengers, ill already, and whose traveling-caps seemed like the night-caps of invalids, protested with anger and surliness against any such tricks. We both laughed more and more; and when we got to the delicate-looking, airy little steamer which was lying far out, we were in high good-humor with each other. I thought that she was traveling alone; but it turned out that she was to meet her brother on board, who was to come off with the next open boat with all the luggage. While we waited for him, leaning over the bulwarks of the ship, she with her parasol up, and both of us looking across the sea toward the shore, she told me a few little particulars about herself. Her name was Flora Darling.

How old was her brother? I asked; that is, Miss Darling's brother?

"Only fourteen," she said. "Scarcely a chaperon," she added, with a burst of laughter; "only a few months from the nursery. There was no harm in it. One could do any thing traveling, you know."

"To be sure," I said. "Darling—Darling!"

She started.

"I was repeating your name," I said, smiling. "A charming one—so musical and melodious—Darling! I shall be saying it in the carriage all the way up to town—Darling." (I put the very slightest ghost of a pause between the two last words.) As it was, she looked at me curiously, and burst out laughing.

"You say it so funnily," she said. "I half suspect you are very wicked. It's a pity, isn't it, that I must lose it one day? So they tell me. It's in the natural course of things, you know."

"Inevitable," I said. "You *must* lose it, Darling—the name, I mean.' It would be no more in nature," I added, fervently, "for you to retain that name, than that—you could fly backward through that water to the town over there."

(I was a little hard set for a comparison, but this did fairly well.)

"I was very near flying backward down the steps," she said, with a burst of laughter, "only for you."

"Yes," I said. "I believe I had the happiness of saving you, Darling."

"Now," she said, in a grave voice, "I must interdict your using that name of mine, for fear of any mistakes."

"You do me wrong," I said. "Your brother—I was speaking of him. He is a Darling, too, is he not? At least in his way, I mean," I added, hastily, amending my speech, for fear she should think I put any one on the same level with herself.

The brother was a cub. He was about as intelligent and as useful as a walking-stick. No better choice could have been made. We might talk all the way up to town as if we were alone.

We had a pleasant voyage. The rest of the passengers were very unwell, which contributed a good deal to the pleasantness; for we were both perfectly well, and laughed a good deal at their sufferings. Where was she going to in town? To that new great hotel just opened, where they could "put up" four hundred beds, and where there was the ladies' sitting-room decorated in the Arabesque manner by Owen Jones, and where there was a pneumatic hoist which—

It sounded like a dream. Had I not heard all this before? and my prospectus-reading of two years occurred to me.

"You mean," I said, "the Grand Metropolitan, Limited, in forty thousand shares of twenty-five dollars each. So much paid up. Why, it was only talked of then."

"It is a good deal talked of now," said a gentleman with whiskers like a plate brusher. "About the finest thing in the city. People go there who don't want to go to a hotel—who are actually at another hotel. Merely for the luxury of the thing. It is marvelous the perfection they have brought the thing to. So many thousand tons of water on the roof."

"I think I shall go there too," I said, enthusiastically. "I have a lodging secured already, but I would far sooner go to such a hotel—where the darling—I mean Miss Darling—goes to!" She asked me then how long I was to stay in town. I replied, "An indefinite time," that it might stretch from a day to a year. On which she told me that she was determined to enjoy herself; until, at least, her uncle came up from the country to fetch her. That would be in a week or ten days, or a fortnight, she did not care how far off. "If," said I, gravely, "in the absence of your excellent uncle, a third person would be of any use to you, or, I should rather say, if you would allow that person to make himself useful to you during your stay in the great metropolis, you would be conferring a favor on him—a real favor, I think," I added, "as the inmate of the same hotel—the probable inmate—he has some claim upon you. In this life, surely we should all help one another a little."

A curious light came into her eyes. She was going to reply favorably, when suddenly she gave a start, half jumped up and clapped her hands. "Why, there he is!" she cried in delight; "Call to him! Stop him! Bring him to me!"

Here was the old uncle. Confusion on him! I went reluctantly to the window, and looked up and down. "I can't see him," I said; "I don't see any one!"

"To be sure there he is," she said, impatiently, and going to the window herself. "There! Mr. Ridley, come here."

A man in a slate-colored tunic, turned up in the worst taste with orange, and carrying a rifle, looked back. He was the plainest creature I ever saw, and was quite smooth shaved. He came running up.

"Ah," he said, "is that you? What a surprise!"

"Isn't it?" she said. "And who'd ever have thought of meeting you here? Get in, will you? Of course you will."

"I have got this musket and bag, Government stores, so must be careful, you know; but if you will have us all—"

"I am afraid," I said, "we could scarcely accommodate both you and your weapon. There is a large party coming back, a family—and if they find their seats gone—"

"Nonsense," he said; "why didn't they keep them? At all events, you can tell them you did your best to keep them, and that I took them." And on that he came pushing in, with his heavy gun and bag, which kept dropping on the ground, to the great risk of our feet.

"There," said he, at last, sitting down *between* me and her, and fanning his hot tan face with his handkerchief. "There we are. This is all uncommon nice, I can tell you. Did I ever think, when I turned out of my bed this morning—which, by-the-way, was at five o'clock—that all this was in store for me? I did not, indeed." And he burst into that most objectionable of all laughs, known as the "guffaw," or horse-laugh. He was carrying his great musket between his knees, and I saw that his fingers were still black with powder.

"Oh," she said; "I am so glad we met—we shall have such fun. And oh, Ridley"—this was nice familiarity, addressing a gentleman by his surname!—"oh, Ridley, I am going to stay in the city for a week, at the great new hotel, you know—what do you call it?"

It will have been observed that all this time I was in a manner passed over; that I had sunk into an inglorious obscurity, being precipitated from my former prosperity. Feeling this wanton degradation very acutely, I saw an opportunity here, and struck in:

"You mean the new Metropolitan Hotel Palace Company, Limited, I think?"

"Yes," she said; "it is all the same, I believe."

For the first time he looked at me straight, beginning with my sleeves, and so on upward. Presently he whispered to her with a curious smile, and she whispered to him, and smiled too. During the whole of the rest of the journey they talked, and chattered, and whispered in this confidential way. Near the end I think she got ashamed of the ungrateful way in which she was behaving to me. After all, I had laid her under some obligation as regards the dressing-case and that descent of the ladder. But it was no matter. When the coarse Ridley got out at stations—which he did at nearly every one to fill what he called his "pocket-pistol"—we got on again into the old friendly footing. I began to think she was a little intimidated by his presence.

We arrived in the city. I had got my own luggage very quickly, and it lay on the ground beside me. I had also secured the dressing-case, to which I had certainly a little claim from past services. Suddenly the hateful Ridley looked down. "You needn't," he said. "Here. Give it me. Thank you!"

I resisted this attempt. "I beg your pardon," I said. "I have a sort of claim—have I not?" I said to her, with a half smile.

"Good gracious!" she said, "how? Uncle bought it for me when I went to school."

"Oh, I don't mean *that*," I said. "I mean coming down the ladder—you recollect."

"What the devil *do* you mean?" he said, roughly. "Give the lady her case, confound it;" and with a sudden jerk he snatched it from me.

She saw the reproachful look in my face. "I am so much obliged to you," she said; "I mistook, you know."

Here was the carriage. They got in. I stood by, waiting, looking with a strange expression at the seat. "We are all going to the same hotel," I said, "the Metropolitan Palace, Limited—not as regards room certainly, according to all account," I added, repeating my little joke to mollify him.

"Exactly," he said; "I think we have every thing in now. Would you tell the fellow Metropolitan Hotel?"

"I see there is one vacant place," I said, reproachfully to her.

"Go on," he called; and they did go on.

We went to the same hotel. I was ravished with the magnificence of its proportions and decorations. But that was only the first feeling. Another, and another of another sort altogether, succeeded almost immediately. That feeling was he—or she (which should it be?). The fatal dressing-case, and the more fatal descent down the ladder into the boat had done its work, and had made me more or less indifferent to Going Jones and his Arabian work, to the four hundred beds that had been "put up," and even to that "hoist" or "lift" which moved by hydraulic power.

Ah! The lift. I am coming to that now. I used to meet her constantly. In the morning. In the evening. In the hall. In the great dining-room (where I *never* could get placed near her). She was always kind and good to me; but she was always with that Ridley. I am inclined to believe now that the odious fellow exercised a terrorism over her, the effect of which she had too much self-respect to let *me* see. He was living there; so was Tommy. She was living there; so was I. I may as well confess it now, I used to lie in wait for her in the hall, on all manner of flimsy pretexts; either until she came down, or came in, or came up. But whether she came down or came up, somehow that Ridley fellow always contrived to thrust himself upon her. By some intriguing *he* managed to sit beside her at the dinners. No doubt she rebelled against this tyranny and persecution. Meanwhile, my life was becoming almost intolerable from agitation and struggle, and I felt it must end in some way—not life, but the state of things generally.

I have spoken of coming up and of going down; and I have avoided hitherto coming directly to that portion of the narrative. There hangs thereby more than would be conceived—more certainly hangs than the simple chamber which the mysterious agency of science, as manifested in the hydraulic apparatus, raised so many times in the day to the top of the house. I have alluded before to the cruel pulmonary infirmity to which I was a sufferer, and which unfortunately about this time began to be more troublesome than usual. The house was very full, so I had to be content with a chamber very near to the roof—a region which would have been practically unattainable by me but for the blessings of modern science. The "lift" was my salvation—my pulmonary salvation. I enjoyed my rides in the lift, and relished the mode of traveling so much that I made it the excuse for many journeys to and from my room. But there was yet another meaning in it. *She*, like most other guests, availed herself of it. Am I followed *now?* And when I was lying in wait, as I may call it, in the hall, I confess to a little artifice. When she had entered the apparatus *I* used to emerge, feign having forgotten a pocket-handkerchief or some other article, and would be transported in her delightful society up to the roof. It was charming; I could have gone up and down from year's end to year's end without ever getting out. But that, of course, could not be. At last it all came to an end, and the lift—accursed invention—was at the bottom of it. I mean morally. Here are the particulars:

The very first journey we had made together he was there too, looking at me with undisguised insolence and jealousy. She had called out, with great laughing and clapping of hands,

"I say, Ridley, Ridley! What a place to make a proposal in! Fancy two people shut up here together!"

He laughed loudly. "A good idea," he said; "worth making a note of."

"Not at all a bad idea," I said from a corner of the "lift."

He looked at me as he always did when I spoke.

"The only difficulty," he said, "is, that under certain circumstances it is almost impossible for two people to get the opportunity of being alone. There are busy-bodies who will be always sticking themselves in where they are not wanted, and to whom, I think, for the good of the house even, I must give a lesson."

"As for that," I said, smiling, "so despotic a course would scarcely be tolerated. The lift, as we all know, is public—like a weighing-machine, or the pavement of Broadway. The proprietor might as well shut up as introduce any restriction of the kind you allude to." He burst out laughing to hide the effect of my quiet retort. She laughed too. "You see," I said to her, "his plan would scarcely answer."

"I shall think of something that will, though," he said.

In a few days, however, there was a curious change. When she came into the hall with him, and while I was lying in wait until she should have entered the lift, she suddenly turned and said, "Oh, that machine is too troublesome. The stairs are twice as fast. What do you say to a race, Ridley?" And off she bounded, with that person in pursuit. For the moment my instinct was to follow also; but a few steps at a rapid pace soon showed me that I must stop. The pulmonary affection developed itself in a second, and at the end of the first flight I was panting in deep distress.

I grieve to say that, under the instigation of Ridley, she carried out his unworthy tactics steadily on every occasion. They always went up by the stairs, and, as a matter of habit, avoided the lift. I had to make solitary journeys by the hydraulic agency. One evening, however, I found that I could bear it no longer. I said to myself that it must come to a crisis one way or the other. Which was the one way or which was the other way I did not know and did not care; but the way should be discovered. As I was brooding over this the idea suddenly flashed upon me. What if the pulmonary affection were not so confirmed? What if I braved its effects—tried—went into training a little? I might baffle it, and be once more on equal terms with the enemy.

I almost at once began to act on the suggestion; with a little practice I found my power of endurance improving marvelously; I progressed in a steady ratio. To my surprise, I found that when I could effect two flights of stairs on one day I could manage three on the following day. This promised well. And, the better to carry out my design, I determined to keep my training, as I might call it, a secret until I was perfect. Just as I was nearly perfect—which was on a Saturday—the news came to me that she was going away, that her uncle had written for her, and that she must leave by the four o'clock train. She did not tell me this herself, but I overheard her telling it to her Ridley friend. No time, therefore, was to be lost. Whatever I had to do had best be done, if it were to be done, done quickly. This is not the precise form of words used by the immortal William; but it conveys his idea pretty accurately. In a moment I had the plan settled. Nearly the whole day I waited in or about the hall for her to come in. I had determined, in a word—bearing in mind the remark so disparaging to a faint heart—to be bold and speak. I was in ambuscade, I say, the whole day, in or about the hall, rushing out of concealment whenever I heard any one coming. I believe the young lady who looked after the books and accounts at first thought I had designs on the property under her care, but afterward fancied I was a little "touched in the upper story." I could almost laugh at this notion now, for the upper story *had* something to do with my troubles.

Two—three—still she did not come. Surely she would pack? At least, if she trusted to a disorderly huddling up of her clothes, "any how," she was scarcely the girl I took her for. No—of course she had packed already. Ah, she was hurrying in—just in time—I ran to her.

"Could you spare me a few moments—a hurried interview," I said, much agitated, "before you go? Five minutes would be sufficient."

"Bless you, my dear Sir, I haven't five seconds; I must be at the train at four."

"Three minutes, then," I said with reproach, "two—you have been very unkind to me latterly, and I did think, after the dressing-case and the ladder—"

"I assure you," she said, "I meant nothing—never intended it, at least."

"No," said I, "it wasn't *you*. I know perfectly well who poisoned you—"

She colored a little.

"Poisoned me!"

"Let me," said I, passionately, "let me go up with you, and speak what I have to say as we go up. I can go up stairs now. I have learned how."

"Go up stairs now?" she said, looking at me with wonder.

"Yes," I went on, "I have been training myself secretly, when you little thought what I was about. I began with one flight; then, emboldened by success, went on to two—"

There was a rush behind me. "Bless you," he said, "you haven't twenty minutes to get to the train. Where are the trunks and things?"

"All ready," she said. "I am just going up stairs, and shall be down in a second."

"Up stairs!" he said; "isn't there the lift? We won't mind it," he added, laughing, "as it is the last time, and, besides, I have something to tell you *privately*."

I looked at her bitterly.

"You *said* you'd take the stairs; but no matter." I turned to go.

"Do come," he said, taking her hand, and drawing her to the lift. "And as for you, Sir, for God's sake keep off, and stop worrying us."

She went with him. Suddenly she turned, and said to me in a kind voice, "I am sorry to disappoint you, but if you *have* any thing to tell, or any message, you can go round by the stairs, and meet me at the top."

A capital idea. I gave her a look of intelligence to show that I understood the terrorism under which she was acting.

He slammed the door of the apparatus. They began to ascend, and I rushed round and began what was literally for me a terrific and daring ascent. I was racing against time. I took three stairs at each stride. I believe there were four hundred in all. When I had done about two-thirds of the way I began to feel signs of distress. I was gasping, tottering; but I still held on. My training was failing me—my false, faithless, treacherous training. They would be gone—he down even before me. But I held on.

At last I was at the top, and O joy! there was she waiting patiently on the landing. She saw me come in—panting, blowing, drooping, with my head on one side, and my tongue hanging out. I could have tumbled forward at her feet, but caught the baluster. Her face was all lit up with pleasure and delight and sympathy.

"Now," said she, "I can give you a minute, while Mr. Ridley has gone to see about the trunks. What *do* you want?"

"*You!*" I gasped out, with a sort of blow and guggle.

"*Me!*" she said, starting back.

"Yes," I said, "you must have—seen—it—long a-go—O my—(I shall never get over it! Early pulmonary. Deck of a vessel!)—I have a good competence, and shall make you ha—ha—*happy*. O, I have no wi-nd—"

She burst out laughing. "My dear Sir, this is so kind and so flattering, and I assure you I appreciate it. But it is unfortunate; you are a little bit late; O ever so little!"

"Late!" I cried, holding my side, and gasping.

"Yes," said she, "Mr. Ridley has been a little before you."

"Before me!" I cried, starting back. "When? Where? How?"

"Only two seconds ago," she said, leaning down her head, but from a different cause to that which affected mine. "He has just proposed for me—in the lift."

"In the lift!" I cried, with a stamp. "O infernal hydraulic power! O wretched apparatus!"

"It was so fortunate," she went on; "if I had gone up by the stairs with you, it perhaps might *never* have occurred. Every hotel should have 'a lift.'"

ALLIGATORS AND CROCODILES.

I had lately in my hands no less than three live specimens of the crocodile kind, from South America, which I bought as alligators. They, however, turned out to be not true alligators, but the American crocodile. Any how, they were most curious little creatures, about as long as a soup-ladle, and as thick as a good-sized carrot. When warm they were lively enough, and scampered across the floor like elongated rats. I sometimes placed them on the hearth-rug, when they invariably took "forty winks." During their nap I used to tickle them on the head, and they would open their mouths and cry "Don't, don't," as plain as possible. I half intended showing them as "talking crocodiles," in opposition to the "talking fish." When caught, they lashed their tails furiously from side to side, and snapped smartly with their long jaws. One of them, indeed, gave me a bite, but it did not hurt much, as their teeth were not very long, though as sharp as needles. They seemed very affectionate, and when one moved away the other looked up, and seeing his friend *en route*, sounded a march also. When in their cage (an aquarium) they had a fight for the saucer containing warm water (for the saucer would not hold two), and when they had settled this material point, they lay as quiet as "the babes in the wood," with a bit of loose flannel as a coverlet. One morning one of the little creatures died, in spite of every attention and care; for she had nice little bits of minced raw rump-steak for her supper the night before, and a comfortable warm bed before the kitchen fire. A letter had been sent a few days before by an amateur naturalist, to say that "she had a tortoise as her pet, and that the tortoise lately had not been very well, and she thought it was *pining in love*; where could she obtain a mate for it?" Keeping this in mind, I watched to see if the gentleman crocodile would pine in love when his wife died. He must have been a hard-hearted brute, for he did not show the least symptoms of distress; rather, on the contrary, I fancied that sometimes he cast an eye rather of hunger than of grief upon the deceased relative. I am not at all sure but that he was not "in two minds" whether he should not make a sly meal of her in my absence, and so answer to the character given me by "Robinson Crusoe," an old one-arm salt of my acquaintance, who, when describing his travels, with a sigh informed me, "Ah, Sir, them New Zealanders is rum chaps; when they have done with their wives they eats 'em." At the time I write the husband still remains alive and well, but I think he is more disagreeable and ill-tempered than he was. There is one great consolation, that he has not to fight for the warm-water saucer every night at bedtime: he has it all to himself. A day or two afterward I heard that another alligator arrived, so I thought I might present mine to keep the stranger company; but when I visited him, I saw at once that my plan would not do, as the new arrival was much too big to be a companion to my little fellow; for what chance would a fourteen-inch crocodile have against an eight-foot crocodile, if they happened to have a row together? The big one would possibly have swallowed up the little one, who doubtless would have "disagreed" with him internally as well as externally. So I resolved to keep him, and try to fatten him, and, when fat, am not sure but that I shall invite a party of scientific friends and eat him *myself*.

And now, what is the difference between an alligator and a crocodile? I really do not know an answer better than that of the sailor when he said, "About the same as between an attorney and a solicitor," although, of course, I do not join in the sweeping conclusion of the honest tar's simile, "They are all varmint together!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A new-made justice of the peace, into whose office some dozen of his neighbors had followed a constable with a vagrant in charge, to see how the magistrate would fulfill his duty, determined to strike them dumb with awe. He sentenced the poor creature to twenty-one days' imprisonment, and concluded with all possible solemnity: "And the Lord have mercy on your sinful soul!"

A rich Philadelphia contractor, in a severe fit of the gout, told his physician he suffered the pains of the damned. The doctor coolly answered, "What, already!"

An Irish Presbyterian clergyman once broke off the thread of his discourse, and thus addressed his congregation: "My dear brethren, let me here tell you that I am now just half through with my sermon; but, as I perceive your impatience, I will say that the remaining half is not more than a quarter as long as that you have had."

Boy in Grammar Class. — "Of what gender is Thomas?" "Thomas is of the masculine gender." "Of what gender is Susan?" "Susan is of the *crinoline* gender, of course."

A clergyman called on a poor parishioner, whom he found bitterly lamenting the loss of an only son, a boy of about four or five years old. In the hope of consoling the afflicted woman he remarked to her that "one so young could not have committed any very grievous sin; and that no doubt the child was gone to heaven."—"Ah, Sir," said the simple-hearted creature, "but Tommy was so shy—and they are all strangers there!"

The Value of Fame. —A good story was told by Thackeray, who, while traveling, staid at an inn, and it soon became known to the rest of the company who he was, and in consequence he was frequently pointed out by those who recognized him to those who did not. Upon one occasion he heard the waiter say to a visitor, "That's the great Thackeray." "Is it?" said the visitor, "what has he done?" "Blessed if I know," said the waiter.

Steel Trap. — A gentleman who had long been subject to the nocturnal visitation of thieves in his orchards, wishing to preserve his property without endangering any one's life, procured from a hospital the leg of a subject, which he placed one evening in a steel trap in his garden, and next morning sent the crier round the town to announce that "the owner of the leg left in Mr. ——'s ground last night might receive it upon application." He was never robbed again.

A Great Fool. — Be particular to pronounce your words right. A friend got knocked down in applying the word *grateful* to a man by emphasizing the last syllable.

Modern Heraldry.—Motto for my Uncle's Arms: "Ur the spout."

A certain dissatisfied wife says that her husband is suc a blunderer that he can't even try a new boot or sho without "putting his foot in it."

A country girl, in speaking of the polka, says that "th dancin' was nothin', but the huggin' was heavenly."

What is the merriest Sunday in the year—Wits-Sun day.

A Moral Instrument—An upright piano.

What quadrupeds are admitted to balls, operas, an dinner parties?—White kids.

An artist of some eminence has recently given his no tions of the characteristics of color. He says white signi fies purity, blue fidelity, etc., etc., but appears to be i serious error in one point. He speaks of yellow as indi cative of domestic trouble. We always thought blac and blue stood for the domestic brews of trouble.

A poor woman called at a grocer's the other day an asked for a quart of vinegar. It was measured off and pu into her gallon jug. She then asked for another quart t be put into the same vessel. "And why not ask for hal a gallon and done with it?" "Och! bless your little bi of a soul," answered she, "*it's for two persons.*"

EPITAPH ON MR. MILES.

This tombstone is a milestone—Hah! how so?
Because beneath lies Miles—who's miles below;
A little man he was, a dwarf in size,
But now stretch'd out, at least Miles long he lies.
His grave, though small, contains a space so wide,
It has Miles in breadth, and Miles in length beside.

A doctor having returned a coat to his tailor, which h declared would not fit, was met by the latter at a funera a few days after, and was thus addressed: "Ah, doctor you are a happy man!" "Why so?" replied the othe "Why, because you never have any of your bad work re turned on your hands," directing his customer's attentio at the same time to the grave.

Counter Charms—Pretty shop girls.

An advertisement appeared in a morning paper respect ing a young lady who had eloped, which concluded as fo lows: "She is most earnestly requested to return to he *disconsolate parents*; but if she does not choose to com home after this explanation, she is *earnestly* desired t send the key of the *tea-chest!*"

A New Light for Debtors—Composition candles.

Wanted.—A button from the coat of the stomach.

When is a barber like something found in every ca penter's shop?—When he is a shaving.

A young lady who had been severely interrogated court by an *ill-tempered* counsel, observed, on leaving th witness-box, that she never before fully understood wha was meant by *cross-examination*.

John B. Gough says: "Cork-screws have sunk mor people than cork-jackets will ever save."

It is conceded that Cain wouldn't have killed his brothe if he had not been *Abel* (able).

Keep thy eyes wide open before marriage, and half shu afterward.

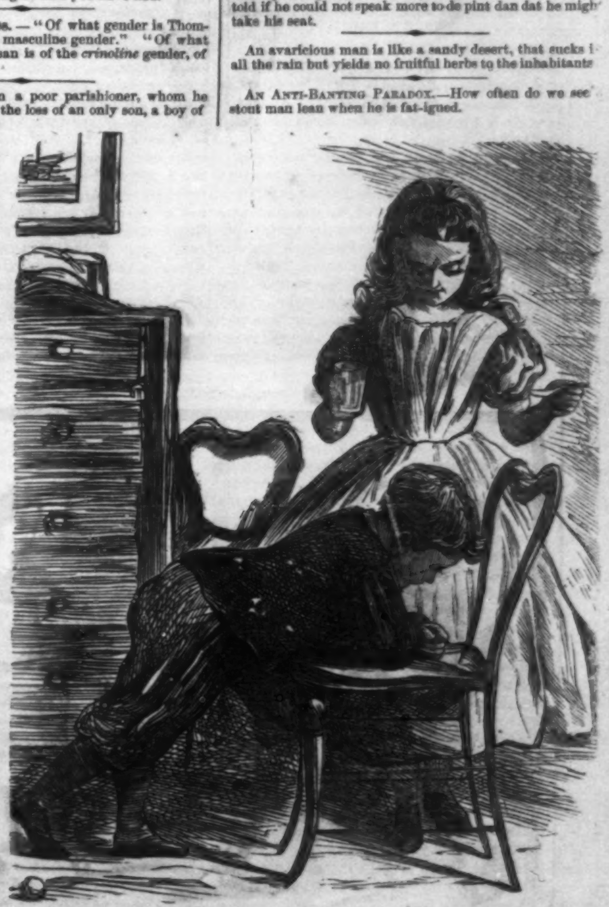
The lady who "expressed a wish" is in search of a "la hope," the wish having gone astray.

If a person's right hand itches it is a sign that he wi soon scratch it. The same applies also to the left.

In a negro class-meeting at Richmond, Sam Johnso was called on to pray, and before he had closed his praye the leader called out: "Sam Johnson, you may take you seat and let Brudder Sugden pray; he is better acquainte wid de Lord dan you." Another was called to speak, an after speaking about five minutes was called to order, an told if he could not speak more to de pint dan dat he migh take his seat.

An avaricious man is like a sandy desert, that sucks i all the rain but yields no fruitful herbs to the inhabitants

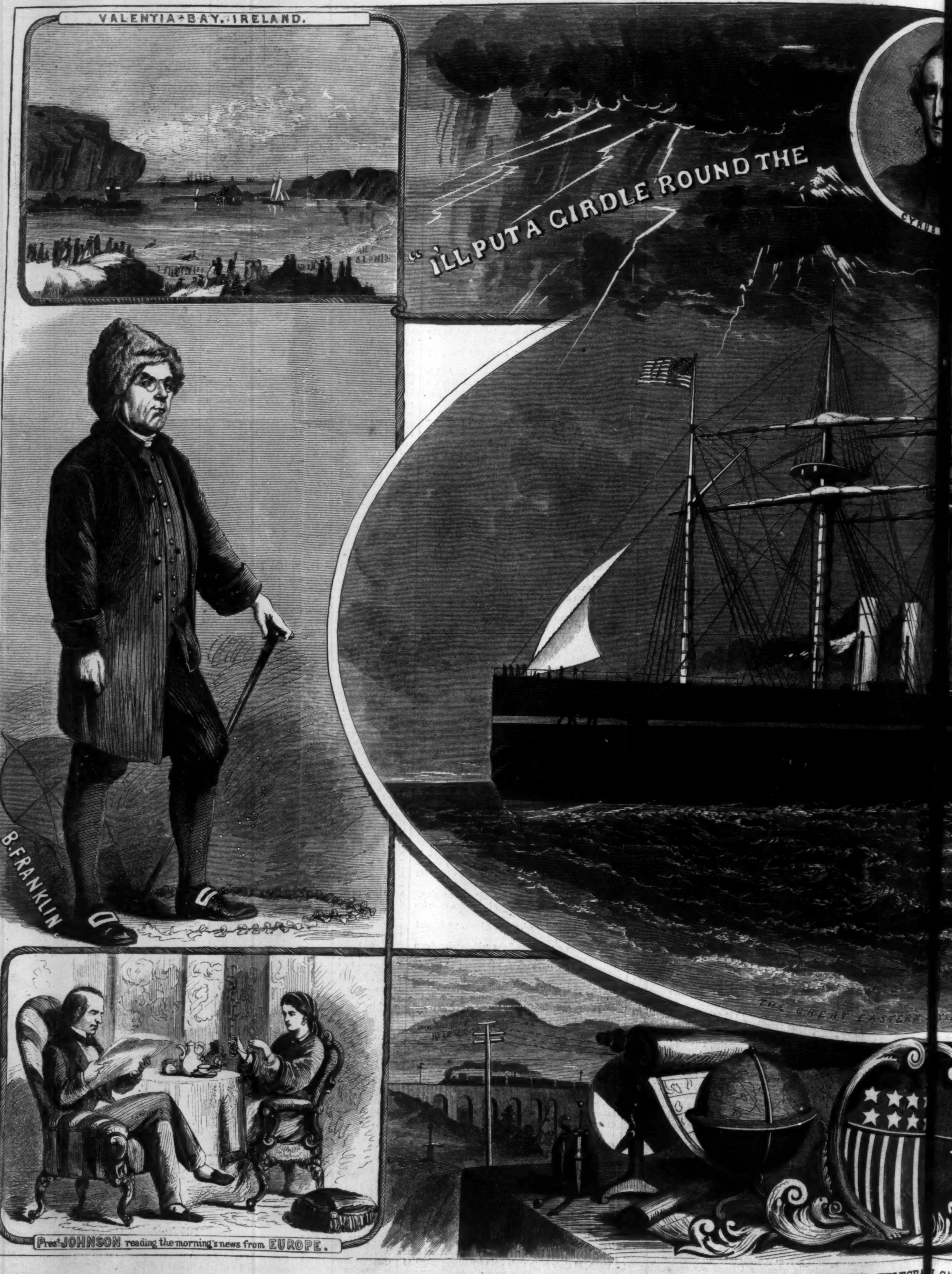
An Anti-Banting Paradox.—How often do we see stout man lean when he is fat-igued.



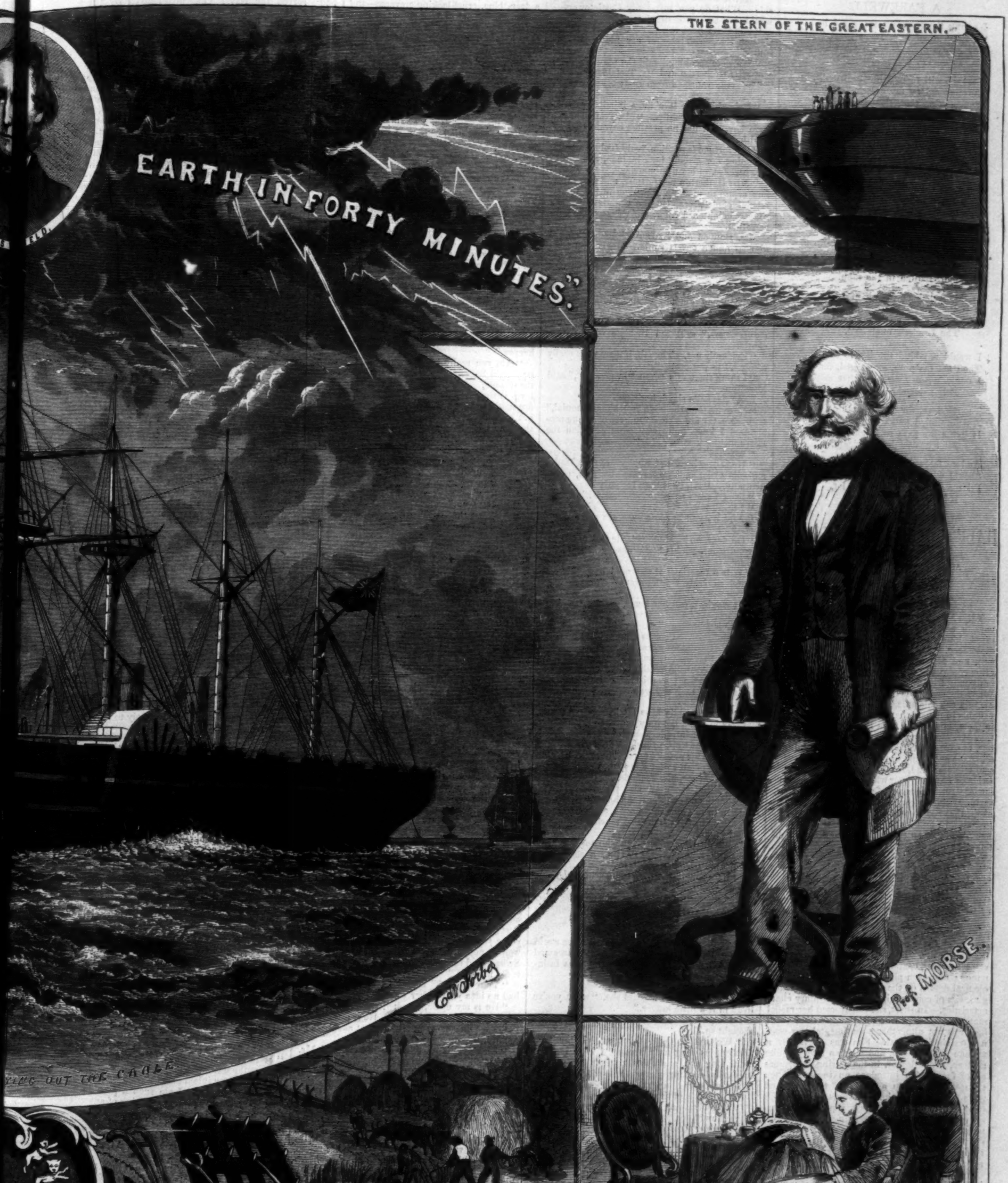
DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Fanny. "Now, Willie dear, *do* have a little courage......When *I* have Powder to take, *I* don't like it any more than you do......but I make up m mind that I *will* take it, and I *do!*"

Willie. "And when *I* have a Powder to take, I make up my mind th I *won't* take it, and I *don't!!!*"


VALENTIA BAY, IRELAND.
"I'LL PUT A GIRDLE ROUND THE
CYRU
B. FRANKLIN.
THE GREAT EASTERN
Prest. JOHNSON reading the morning's news from EUROPE.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRA CAB


EARTH IN FORTY MINUTES."
ELD.
ING OUT THE CABLE
Prof MORSE.

THE STERN OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

Queen VICTORIA reading the news from AMERICA.

CABLE.—[See Page 502.]

A FAREWELL.

I scorn the transient thought I had
To stand aloof from Life's great fight,
Thy gentle precepts teach me what
Is manly, brave, and right.

Yes! I will to myself "be true,"
Unconquered by my ceaseless pain,
Rememb'ring that, though Joy be gone,
Still Duty doth remain.

How sweet it is to love, my soul
Already knows too well, too well;
How sweeter to be loved, alas!
My life will never tell.

But there's a nobler aim for each
Than the poor goal of his desires—
It is to follow out those thoughts
The voice of God inspires;

To bid farewell, with stern resolve,
To every sweet, fond, selfish plan,
And only strive to bring to light
The Godlike in the man.

In this sad, busy March of Life
It is the weak who sink and fall;
"Be up and doing!" ever is
The Leader's bugle-call.

I would not bind thy life to mine;
Thou art too pure, sweet girl, for me;
I ought not ask for bliss that *might*
Bring wretchedness to thee.

Though love, for me, is nothing but
An unfulfilled and broken dream,
It lights my path so bright I may
Find heaven by its gleam.

And so farewell.—If any man
Should win that love denied to me,
I'll try not envy his bright lot,
But only think of thee.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ABOUT SWITZERLAND.

Your English match-maker is, for the most part, a comfortable matron, plump, good-natured, kindly, with a turn for sentiment and diplomacy. She has "The Etiquette of Courtship and Marriage" at her fingers' ends; and gives copies of that invaluable little manual to her young friends as soon as they are engaged. When the sermon is dull, she amuses herself by reading the solemnization of matrimony. She delights in novels that have a great deal of love in them, and thinks Miss Bremer a finer writer than Mr. Thackeray. To patch up lovers' quarrels, to pave the way for a proposal, to propitiate reluctant guardians, are offices in which her very soul rejoices; and, like the death-bed hag in the Bride of Lammermoor who surveyed all her fellow-creatures from a professional point of view, seeing "a bonny corpse" in every fine young man about that country-side, she beholds only bridegrooms and brides elect in the very children of her friends, when they come home for the holidays.

Lady Arabella Walkingshaw was an enthusiastic match-maker. She had married off her own daughters with brilliant success, and, being a real lover of the art of matrimony, delighted "to keep her hand in" among the young people of her acquaintance. What whist was to Mrs. Battle match-making was to Lady Arabella Walkingshaw. "It was her business, her duty, what she came into the world to do." She went about it scientifically. She had abstruse theories with respect to eyes, complexions, ages, and Christian names; and even plunged into unknown physiological depths on the subject of races, genealogies, ties of consanguinity, and hereditary characteristics. In short, she constructed her model matches after a private ideal of her own. But hers was not altogether a sentimental nor even a physiological ideal. She was essentially a woman of the world, and took an interest quite as deep, if not deeper, in the pairing of fortunes as of faces. To introduce an income of ten thousand a year to a dowry of fifty thousand pounds, and unite the two sums in the bonds (and settlements) of wedlock, was to Lady Arabella an enterprise of surpassing interest. She would play for such a result as eagerly and passionately as if her own happiness depended on the cards, and the stakes were for her own winning.

With such a hobby kept perpetually saddled in the chambers of her imagination, it was not surprising that the sight of Saxon Trefalden leading Miss Hatherton down to dance should have sufficed to send Lady Arabella off at a canter.

"What a charming match that would be!" said she to Mrs. Bunyon. Mrs. Bunyon was the wife of the handsome Bishop, tall, aristocratic-looking, and many years his junior. Both ladies were standing near their hostess, and she was still welcoming the coming guest.

"Do you think so?" said Mrs. Bunyon, doubtfully. "I don't see why."

"My dear Mrs. Bunyon—two such splendid fortunes!"

"The less reason that either should marry for money," replied the Bishop's wife. "Besides, look at the difference of ages!"

"Not more than five years," said Lady Arabella.

"But it would be five years on the wrong side. What do you say, Lady Castletowers—would they make a desirable couple?"

"I did not hear the names," replied Lady Castletowers, with one of her most gracious smiles.

"We were speaking," said the match-maker, "of Miss Hatherton and Mr. Trefalden."

The smile vanished from Lady Castletowers's lip.

"I should think it a most injudicious connection," she said, coldly. "Mr. Trefalden is a mere boy, and has no prestige beyond that of wealth."

"But fortune *is* position," said Lady Arabella, defending her ground inch by inch, and thinking, perhaps, of her own marriage.

"Miss Hatherton has fortune, and may therefore aspire to more than fortune in her matrimonial choice," replied the Countess, with a slightly heightened color, and dropped the conversation.

Mrs. Bunyon and Lady Arabella exchanged glances and a covert smile. Moving on presently with the stream, they passed out of Lady Castletowers's hearing, and returned to the subject.

"Their united fortunes," pursued Lady Arabella, "would amount to five millions, if not more. Only conceive it—FIVE MILLIONS!"

"You will meet with no sympathy from Lady Castletowers," said the Bishop's wife, significantly.

"Evidently not. Though, if there were really a coronet in prospect—"

"I think there *is* a coronet in prospect," said Mrs. Bunyon.

Lady Arabella shook her head.

"No more than there is a crown matrimonial," said she. "I am a close observer of young people, and I know quite well what direction the Earl's inclinations take."

"Indeed!"

"He is over head and ears in love with Mademoiselle Colonna," said Lady Arabella, confidentially. "And has been for years."

"Does Lady Castletowers know it?"

"I think not."

"And do you suppose they are secretly engaged?"

"Oh dear, no! Mademoiselle Colonna, I believe, discourages his attentions—greatly to her credit."

"It is a marriage that would be highly distasteful to Lady Castletowers," observed Mrs. Bunyon.

"It would break her heart," said Lady Arabella.

"She is ambitious."

"—and poor. Poor as a mouse."

If Lady Castletowers had not been a Countess, a Holme-Pierrepoint, and the daughter of an Earl, Lady Arabella Walkingshaw could scarcely have forgiven her this fact. She was one of that large majority who regard poverty as a crime.

In the mean while Miss Hatherton had found that Saxon could not only dance, but, when the first shyness of introduction had worn off, could actually talk as well. So she set herself to draw him out, and his naïveté amused her excessively.

"I don't mean to let you hand me to a seat, and get rid of me, Mr. Trefalden," said she, when the quadrille was over, and the dancers were promenading up and down the hall. "You must sit down in this quiet little nook, and talk to me. I want you to tell me ever so much more about Switzerland."

"I am glad to find any one who cares to hear about it," said Saxon. "It is a subject of which I am never weary."

"I dare say not. I only wonder how you can endure this life of tinsel and glitter after the liberty of the mountains. Are you not disgusted with the insincere smiles and polite falsehoods of society?"

Saxon looked at her with dismay.

"What do you mean?" said he. "The world here has been very kind to me. I never dreamed that its smiles were false or its kindness insincere."

Miss Hatherton laughed.

"You'll find it out," said she, "when you've lived in it a little longer."

"I hope not. I should be very unhappy if I thought so."

"Well, then, don't think so. Enjoy your illusions as long as you can. I have outlived mine long ago, and I'm sorry for it. But let us talk of something pleasanter—of Switzerland. Have you ever hunted the chamois?"

"Hundreds of times."

"How charming! High up, I suppose, among the snows?"

"Among the snows, along the edges of precipices, across the glaciers—wherever the chamois could spring or the foot of the hunter follow!" replied Saxon, with enthusiasm.

"That's really dangerous sport, is it not?" asked the heiress.

"It is less dangerous, of course, to the practiced mountaineer than to one who is new to the work. But there can be no real sport without danger."

"Why so?"

"Because sport without danger is mere slaughter. The risks ought never to be all on the side of a helpless beast."

"That is just and generous," said Miss Hatherton, warmly.

Saxon blushed, and looked uncomfortable.

"I have not only been over a glacier, but down a crevasse after a chamois many a time," said he, hurriedly. "I shot one this very spring, as he stood upon an ice-ridge, between two chasms. I ought not to have done it. I ought to have waited till he got to a more open spot; but, having him well within range, I brought him down. When I reached the spot, however, there was my chamois wedged half-way down a deep, blue, cruel-looking crevasse—and I had no alternative but to get him out or leave him."

"So you cut steps in the ice, as one sees in the pictures in the Alpine-club books!"

"No; I simply tied the cord that every mountaineer carries round the stock of my rifle, fixed the gun firmly across the mouth of the chasm, and let myself down. Then I tied another cord round my chamois, and when I had reached the top again I drew him up after me. Nothing is easier. A child can do it, if he is used to the ice and is not afraid. In all glacier work it is only the rash and the timid who are in danger."

"And what other sport do you get?" asked Miss Hatherton. "Are there any eagles about the mountains of the Grisons?"

"Not so many as there used to be. I have not shot more than five or six within these last three years; but I robbed many an eagle's nest when I was a boy. Then, you know, we have the steinbok, and in winter the wolf; and sometimes we get the chance of a brown bear."

"Have you ever shot a bear, Mr. Trefalden?" said Miss Hatherton, intensely interested.

"I have shot two," replied Saxon, with a flush of boyish pride, "and made sledge-rugs of their skins. You have never been in Switzerland?"

"Oh yes, I have," replied Miss Hatherton; "but only in the beaten tracks, and under the custody of a courier, like a maniac with a keeper."

"Ah, you really know nothing of the country," said Saxon. "Neither of the country nor the people. The Switzerland that the Swiss loves is that wild, free, upper region where there are neither roads nor hotels, tourists nor guides; but only dark pine forests and open plateaus, the haunt of the marmot, the ptarmigan, and the chamois."

"I never saw but one chamois," said Miss Hatherton, "and that was a poor fat melancholy creature in a cage."

"Of course you never visited Switzerland in the winter?"

"Oh dear, no."

"And yet that is the most glorious time of all, when the plateaus are all sheeted with snow, and the great peaks rise above them like marble obelisks, and even the pines stand out white against the deep blue sky."

"What an enthusiast you are!" laughed Miss Hatherton.

"I love my country," replied Saxon.

"You need not tell me that. But what can you do in winter, snowed up in those wild valleys?"

"We are not snowed up. We have sledges; and the deeper the snow lies on the roads and passes the better our sledges fly along. You should see the Rheinthal between Chur and Thusis, on a bright day in the depth of winter, when the sledges flash along in the sunshine, and the air is full of the music of the bells."

"How delightful!"

"Indeed it is delightful. Then we also skate, practice with the rifle, carve wooden toys, and attend to the winter work of our farms; and sometimes, if there is a wolf or a wild boar about the neighborhood, we have a great hunt by torchlight. Winter is the time for Switzerland! Ask any Swiss who is not a townsman, and he will tell you the same story."

"I suppose you mean to go back there some day?" said Miss Hatherton.

"Go back!" echoed Saxon. "Why, of course I do. It is my own country—my home!"

"Then if I were to come some Christmas to Chur would you be very kind to me, and show me some of these winter sports?"

"That I would!" exclaimed Saxon. "And I would buy the loveliest Canadian sledge for you that money could purchase; and you should see a boar hunt by torchlight; and a Schützen Fest; and a wrestling match; and I would find you a young marmot for a pet. Above all, you would know my dearest father, and if you loved Switzerland for no other reason, you would love it for his sake."

"Your father?" said Miss Hatherton. "I had no idea your father was living."

"He is my uncle," replied the young man; "but my father by adoption. He is a Lutheran pastor—a miracle of erudition; but as simple as a child, and as pious as an apostle."

"I hear you are terribly learned yourself, Mr. Trefalden," said Miss Hatherton, rising abruptly. "But what is this they are going to do—a waltz? Do you waltz?"

"Try me," replied Saxon, merrily. "It is our national dance—the only dance I ever knew, till I learned these hideous quadrilles a few weeks ago."

In another moment he had encircled the heiress's waist with his arm, and was flying round the hall with her in those smooth, swift circles which no dancers, however good, can execute like the Germans and Swiss. Miss Hatherton was delighted; for she valued a good partner above all things, and Saxon was the best waltzer in the room.

She would willingly have danced and talked with him all the rest of the evening; for Miss Hatherton liked to be amused, and cared very little for the remarks of lookers-on; while Saxon, pleased with her blunt cordiality, would with equal readiness have gone on waltzing, and praising a Swiss life, till it was time to hand her to her carriage. But this was not to be. Lady Castletowers, who, in her quality of hostess, always knew what her guests were doing, was by no means disposed to permit any such proceeding; so she dispatched her son to dance with the heiress, and, having sent for Saxon, herself handed him over to Miss Colonna for the next quadrille.

By this time the arrivals were over, and the departures had begun; and after supper was served the rooms cleared rapidly. By two o'clock all were gone, save those guests who remained for the night, and of these there were about a dozen.

Then Viscount and Lady Esher, who had brought valet and maid in their suite, retired to the stately apartments prepared for their reception; and the young men all went down to the Earl's smoking-room; and the Colonnas, instead of going to bed like the rest of the guests, repaired to the little study in the turret. They had much to talk over. Mr. Thompson, the liberal member, had brought them information of Garibaldi, and a packet of letters from friends in London and Turin; Miss Hatherton and Mr. Walkingshaw had promised contributions to the fund; and Mrs. Bunyon had undertaken to distribute some addresses, and fill up a card among her friends. With the Eshers and Lord Boxhill there was, of course, nothing to be done. Like Lady Castletowers, they looked upon liberty as a vulgar institution, and upon patriots in general as doubtful characters.

The letters read, and such entries made as were necessary, the father and daughter rose to say good-night.

"You have done nothing yet, Olimpia," said the Italian. "Here is the fourth day already gone."

"I know it."

"I have talked with him once or twice about our country's cause, and he listens willingly; but I have purposely abstained from doing more. The work is yours—why do you delay it?"

"I will not delay it longer," replied Olimpia, impatiently; "I will begin it to-day."

"He is so rich," said Colonna, "and Italy so poor; and every letter we receive is a prayer for help!"

"You need not urge me. Have I not said to-day? and see—the gray is already in the sky!"

She bade him good-night abruptly, and went along the silent corridors to her own room, far away. But the gray had paled to white, and the white had turned to sunlight, before she took the flowers from her hair, or the bracelets from her arms, or even seemed to remember that it would be well to seek an hour or two of sleep. What wonder, then, that when at last she threw herself, half dressed, upon the bed, her eyes looked worn and hollow, and her cheek scarcely less white than the pillow against which it was laid?

CHAPTER XXXII.

HOW SAXON IMPROVED THE WEATHER-COCK AT CASTLETOWERS.

"What the deuce can we do to amuse all these people?" said Lord Castletowers to Major Vaughan, as they met on the stairs before breakfast the morning after the party. "The Eshers, I know, go early, and my mother will take care of the ladies; but here are six or eight men in the house, none of whom are likely to leave before night. What is to be done?"

"Billiards?"

"Well enough for an hour or two; but après?"

"We might ride over to Guildford, and beat up the quarters of those forty-second men who were here last night."

"Impossible. There are only five riding-horses in the stables, including yours and Trefalden's; and I haven't even guns enough to take them out shooting, if there were any thing to shoot, except rooks—which there isn't!" said the Earl, in desperation.

"Then I don't know what we can do, unless we put on the gloves. But here comes the Arcadian; perhaps he can suggest something."

The Arcadian meant Saxon. It was a sobriquet that had befallen him of late, no one knew how. The difficulty was no sooner explained to him than he proposed a way out of it.

"Let us organize a Volks-fest in the Swiss fashion," said he. "We can shoot at a mark, leap, and run foot-races; and invite the ladies to award the prizes."

"A famous idea!" exclaimed the Earl. "The very thing for a bright, cool day like this."

"We must choose a space of level sward to begin with," said the major, "and improvise a grand stand for the ladies."

"And elect an umpire," said Saxon.

"And look up some prizes," added the Earl. "I will give that bronze cup in the library—it is an antique from Pompeii."

"And I, my inlaid pistols," said Saxon.

"And I— Bah! I am such a poor devil," said Vaughan. "I possess nothing of any value except my sword and my horse."

"The best riches of a soldier, Major Vaughan," said Mademoiselle Colonna. "But may I ask why this parliament is being held upon the stairs?"

She had just come, unheard, along the carpeted corridor, and stood waiting a few steps higher than the trio in consultation. She wore a delicate gray dress of some soft material, trimmed with black velvet, and a little linen collar fastened at the throat by a circular brooch of Roman gold. Behind her fell the folds of a crimson curtain; while, through the uppermost roses of a huge Gothic window that reached from nearly the top to the bottom of the great oak staircase, a stream of vivid sunshine poured down upon her head, so that she stood in the midst of it, in her pale, proud beauty, as if inclosed in a pillar of light.

The three men looked up, dazzled, almost breathless, as if in presence of some glorified apparition; and for a moment none replied.

Mademoiselle Colonna, divining perhaps, with her fine womanly instinct, the spell by which they were bound, moved a step lower out of the sunshine, and said:

"All silent? Nay, then, I fear it is not a parliament but a plot."

"It is a plot, signora," replied Vaughan. "We are planning some out-of-door sports for this afternoon's entertainment. Will you be our Queen of Beauty, and graciously condescend to distribute the prizes?"

The Earl colored up, and bit his lip impatiently.

"Vaughan's promptitude," said he, "bears hardly upon those whose wit or audacity is less ready at command. I had myself intended to solicit this grace at Miss Colonna's hands."

"The race, my dear fellow, is to the swift, and the battle to the strong, in the affairs of life," replied Vaughan, carelessly. "But what says our sovereign lady?"

"That she dares not pledge her royal word too hastily. Mine, you know, is not an honorary secretaryship; and I know not what work this morning's post may bring for my pen. Besides, I must hear what arrangements Lady Castletowers may have in contemplation."

"I don't think my mother will make any that shall deprive us of the light of her countenance on such an important occasion," said the Earl. "But there goes the gong. We must adjourn this debate till after breakfast."

Lady Castletowers was pleased to approve her son's scheme, and promised not only to honor the course with her presence at half past two o'clock, but to bring with her two young ladies who had slept at the house and were to have been driven home early in the morning. These were the daughters of a poor clergyman who lived about twelve miles off, and, being very young and timid, looked up to the stately Countess as though she were the queen of heaven. Miss Colonna, being urged thereto by Lady Castletowers herself, was induced to accept the royal office; and, although Viscount and Lady Esher were, of course, too magnificent to alter their plans, and drove away behind their four horses shortly after breakfast, the patronage of the little fête promised to be quite brilliant enough to stimulate the ambition of the candidates.

It was a happy thought, and gave ample occupation to every body concerned. There were six young men that day at Castletowers besides Sir Charles Burgoyne, Major Vaughan, and Saxon Trefalden. These six were the Hon. Pelham Hay, of Baliol College, Oxford; the Hon. Edward Brandon; Lieutenant Frank Torrington, of the Fourth Lancers; Mr. Guy Greville, of the Perquisite-office; and two brothers named Sydney and Robert Pulteney, belonging, as yet, to no place or profession whatever. There was not "the making" of one really prominent man among the whole half-dozen. There was not, perhaps, one more than commonly clever man; but they were, for all that, a by no means indifferent specimen lot of the stuff of which English gentlemen are made. They were all of patrician blood — all honorable, good-natured, good-looking, manly young fellows, who had been brought up to ride, speak the truth, and respect the game-laws. They dressed perfectly, and tied their cravats to admiration. They spoke that conventional dialect which passes for good English in good society, and expressed themselves with that epigrammatic neatness that almost sounds like wit, and comes naturally to men who have been educated at a great university and finished in a crack regiment, a government office, or a Pall Mall club. And they were all dancing men, and nearly all members of the Erectheum. Of the whole set the Hon. Edward Brandon was the most indifferent specimen of the genus homo; yet even he, though short enough of brain, did not want for breeding, and, however poorly off for muscle, had as much "pluck" as many a better man.

The whole breakfast-party hailed the scheme with enthusiasm, and even Signor Colonna said he would go down to see the running. Prizes were freely subscribed over the breakfast-table. Lady Castletowers promised a curious yataghan that had belonged to Lord Byron, and been given to her late husband by a member of the poet's family; Signor Colonna offered an Elzevir Horace, with the autograph of Filicaja on the title-page; and the competitors united in making up a purse of twenty guineas, to be run for in a one-mile race, and handed over by the winner to Miss Colonna for the Italian fund. As for the young men, they dispatched their breakfasts with the rapidity of school-boys on a holiday morning, and were soon hard at work upon the necessary preparations.

To choose and measure a smooth amphitheatre of sward about half a mile from the house, set up a winning-post for the racers, a target for the marksmen, and a temporary grand stand for the spectators, was work enough for more than the four hours and a half that lay between ten and half past two; but these amateur workmen, assisted by the village carpenter and his men, as well as by all the grooms, gardeners, and odd helps that could be got together, worked with so good a will that the ground was ready a full hour and three-quarters before the time. The grand stand alone was a triumph of ingenuity. It consisted of a substratum of kitchen tables securely lashed together, on which were placed a carpet and some chairs, the whole structure being surmounted by a canopy formed of a rick cloth suspended to a tree and a couple of tall stakes.

Having gone once over the course at a "sling-trot," just to try the ground, the young men returned to the house at one o'clock, furiously hungry and in tremendous spirits.

Castletowers had ordered luncheon to be prepared for them in the smoking-room, and there, laughing, talking, eating, and drinking all at once, they made out the programme of the games.

"What shall we begin with?" said the Earl, pencil in hand. "We must end, of course, with the one-mile race, and I think we ought to take the rifle work first, before running has made our hands less steady."

"Of course. Rifles first, by all means," replied three or four voices together.

"Names, then, if you please. Now, gentlemen, who goes in for the bronze cup at eight hundred yards?"

"On what conditions?" asked one of the lunchers.

"The usual conditions. Five shots each, at eight hundred yards; ordinary Enfield rifle; Wimbledon scoring, that is to say, outer, two; centre, three; bull's-eye, four."

"Eight hundred's rather long practice for outsiders," said another man, immersed at the moment in chicken-pie.

"If we had small bores I should put it down at a thousand," replied the Earl; "but there's only one in the house."

The man in the pie was heard to mutter something unintelligible about the abundance of great bores; but being instantly choked by his nearest neighbor, relapsed into moody silence. In the mean while the Earl continued to canvass for competitors.

"Come," said he, "this will never do. I have only three names yet—Burgoyne, Torrington, and Vaughan. Whom else? I can't enter myself for my own prize, and I must have three more names."

"You may put me down, if you like," said Mr. Guy Greville. "I shall be sure to shoot somebody; but it don't signify."

"And me," added Pelham Hay.

"Thanks. Burgoyne, Torrington, Vaughan, Greville, Pelham Hay—five won't do. I want six at least. Come, gentlemen, who will stand for number six?"

"Why, Trefalden, of course!" exclaimed Vaughan. "The Swiss are born tirailleurs. Put his name down."

"No, no," said Saxon, hastily. "Not this time."

"But, my dear fellow, you are de la première force, are you not?" asked Castletowers.

"I used to shoot well enough, when I was in practice," said Saxon, with some embarrassment; "but I'd rather not compete now."

The Earl looked surprised, but was too well-bred to insist.

"If you won't," said he, "I must find some one who will. Syd Pultney, I shall enter you for my sixth shot, and that settles match number one. Gentlemen, the secretary waits to enter names for the second rifle match; the prize for which will consist of a magnificent pair of elaborately ornamented pistols, generously offered by an honorable competitor who declines to compete. I do not mention the honorable competitor's name, because he is a modest young man, and given to blushing. Now, gentlemen, you will please to remember that this is a solemn occasion, and that the eyes of Europe are upon you!"

And so, rattling on in the gayety of good spirits, the Earl enrolled the second party. Next in order came the long jump of eighteen feet, for Signor Colonna's Elzevir Horace; then the race of one hundred yards, for Lady Castletowers's prize; and, last of all, the one-mile race, for the twenty-guinea purse, dignified by the name of "the Italian Cup," and entered for by the whole of the athletes.

When the programme was fairly made out Castletowers called Saxon aside, and, taking him familiarly by the arm, led him into the billiard-room adjoining.

"Trefalden," said he, "may I ask you a question?"

"Twenty, if you like," replied Saxon.

"No—one will do, if you answer it honestly. Why don't you put in a shot at either of the rifle-matches?"

Saxon looked embarrassed.

"I'd rather not," he said, after a momentary pause.

"But why? You must be a good marksman."

Saxon made no reply.

"To tell you the truth," said the Earl, "I'm disappointed. I had looked to you for a display of skill, and expected something brilliant. I think you should have gone into the field, if only to maintain the honor of the Swiss rifles."

Saxon laughed good-temperedly.

"Do you really want your question answered?" said he.

"Of course."

"Then wait a minute while I fetch my gun."

He ran out of the room, and presently reappeared outside the window, rifle in hand.

"Look there," he said, pointing to the roof of the stables. "Do you see that weather-cock?"

It was a gilt cock, like that which Goethe used to admire, as a child, on the Ober Main Thor at Frankfort, and was just then shifting with the breeze, and flashing in the sunshine like a yellow diamond. The Earl threw up the window and leaned out.

"I should think so," he replied. "I have seen it pretty nearly every day of my life ever since I was born."

"How far off is it do you think?"

"Well, I hardly know; perhaps six hundred yards. But you can't hit a thing that blazes like a comet, and is never still for two seconds together."

"It's an ugly bird," said Saxon, bringing his gun to his shoulder. "Don't you think he'd look more intelligent if he had an eye in his head?"

The words were no sooner out of his lips than he fired. Lord Castletowers snatched up his hat and bounded down upon the sward.

"You haven't done it!" he exclaimed. "It's impossible!"

"Let us go and see."

They had to go round by the front of the house and across the yards to reach those out-buildings over which the vane was placed. When they had gone about two-thirds of the distance the Earl suddenly stood still.

There was a small round hole drilled through precisely that part of the cock's head where his eye ought to have been.

At the sight of his friend's dumb amazement Saxon roared with laughter, like a young giant.

"There," said he, "I told you it would be an improvement. And now you see why I wouldn't compete for the cup. We Swiss are always shooting from the time we are old enough to carry a gun, and I didn't want to spoil the sport for the others. It wouldn't have been fair."

TO THE FLAG OF THE FORTY-SEVENTH NEW YORK.

Old flag, we meet again! In peace and quiet
 Thou hangst, 'mid dust and cobwebs, on the wall—
An idle trophy! Done with war and riot,
 Thou findst a refuge in our City Hall.
Can I believe my eyes? Is't a delusion?
Of how much glory what a lame conclusion!

That thou, that once amid the sons of thunder
 Went gleaming like a meteor in the fight,
Shouldst rest at last amid these sons of plunder—
 Our aldermanic children of the night!
The gas burns blue; it feels thy degradation,
Thou war-worn, ragged servant of the nation.

Not now the smoke of cannon swells around thee
 In murky wreaths that dim thy stripes and stars;
Here in thy prison-house, where Fate hath bound thee,
 Thy days are spent 'mid smoke of vile cigars;
Thou lookest down on placemen and contractors,
"The Ring," and such like public benefactors.

No more thou flauntest in the line of battle;
 Thine highest place is at some civic feast;
Thou hearst not bullets now, but dishes rattle:
 'Tis not a martial sound, to say the least.
How likst thou this? No more thou smellst of powder:
These fumes are all of aldermanic chowder.

Dost thou not dream sometimes amid the laughter—
 Amid the music's soft, voluptuous strain—
Of those calm nights, the long day's struggle after,
 When the brave dead lay round thee on the plain?
Of those pale faces still to Heaven upturning,
That seemed so full of sadness and of yearning?

Well mayst thou droop, old flag: thy memory hallows
 Those battle-fields where thou didst win thy scars;
Thou'rt not at home 'mid those robustious fellows,
 Our City Fathers. In their wordy wars
Thou hast no part; thou scornst them and their dinners:
To thee they are but publicans and sinners.

Hadst thou as once, in days, alas! departed,
 Thy gallant vets to gather at thy back,
How wouldst thou charge, flag of the noble-hearted!
 Through these wide halls, and chase the knavish pack!
Old flag, thou'st had full many a day of glory,
But none like *that* would be so famed in story.

Yet rest in peace against thy marble column;
 E'en thus with evil-doers thou mayst cope.
Be thou a calm rebuke—a lesson solemn
 To prick their consciences. Oh, forlorn hope!
All other means have failed: if thou achieve it
'Twill shake the public virtue to believe it.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A Waif.—One day last week a young gentleman was seen walking slowly through the crowd of pedestrians in the Central Park, holding on high at the end of his cane a *chignon*, as those heavy lumps of hair are technically called, with which the young ladies of the present day delight in decorating the napes of their necks. As the *chignon*-bearer walked along, looking inquiringly around him, it was most suggestive to observe the almost involuntary manner in which at least two-thirds of the alarmed young women present raised their hands to the backs of their heads, in order to ascertain that the *chignons* were all right and tight. Whether the gentleman was merely playing the trick for his own private amusement, or whether he had really picked up a lump of false hair which some unlucky girl had accidentally shed, will probably never be known; but the sensation which the incident caused satisfactorily accounts for the increased value of human hair as an article of commerce.

The Electric Telegraph nearly Eighty Years Ago.—The following passage occurs in "Arthur Young's Travels in France," published in Dublin in 1793. The date of the letter from which the extract is taken is October 16, 1787: "In the evening to Monsieur Lomond, a very ingenious and inventive mechanic, who has made an improvement in the jenny for spinning cotton....In electricity he has made a remarkable discovery. You write two or three words on paper; he takes it with him into a room, and turns a machine inclosed in a cylindrical case, at the top of which is an electrometer, a small fine pith ball, a wire connects with a cylinder and electrometer in a distant apartment, and his wife, by remarking the corresponding motions of the ball, writes down the words they indicate, from which it appears that he has formed an alphabet of motions. As the form of the wire makes no difference in the effect, the correspondence may be carried on to any distance within or without a fortified town, for instance, or for purposes much more worthy....Whatever the use may be, the invention is beautiful."

A Husband of Wax.—"A curious incident in Paris high life," says the *Epoque*, "is about to become the subject of a suit for a divorce before the First Chamber of the Tribunal of the Seine. A young husband belonging to one of the great families of France, in order to conceal his nightly absence from home, formed the idea of placing in his bed a figure with a wax head made to resemble him. The artifice succeeded for a time, but one night the lady, venturing to enter her husband's room and approach the bed, discovered the trick. Hence the suit for a judicial separation."

Things do not change in the East; as Abraham pitched his tent in Bethel, so does an Arab sheik now set up his camp; as David built his palace on Mount Zion, so would a Turkish pasha now arrange his house; in every street may be seen the hairy children of Esau, squatting on the ground, devouring a mess of lentils like that for which the rough hunter sold his birth-right; along every road plod the sons of Rechab, who have sworn to drink no wine, plant no tree, enter within no door; at every khan young men sit round the pan of parched corn, dipping their morsel into the dish; Job's plow is still used, and the seed is still trodden into the ground by asses and kine; olives are shaken from the boughs as directed by Isaiah; and the grafting of trees is unchanged since the days of Saul. Among other things left unchanged is the Syrian house, still, as formerly, only a stone tent as a temple was but a marble tent. What is seen now in Bethany may be taken as the exact likeness of the house of Lazarus where Mary listened and Martha toiled, or as the house of Simon the Leper, where the precious box of ointment was broken, and whence Judas set out to betray his master.

A Strike among the Bachelors.—The *Publicité* of Marseilles announces a new kind of strike—that of bachelors. Not fewer than 6000 young men, it states, of that place, between the age of twenty and thirty, held a meeting in the open air a little way out of the town, and entered into an agreement not to ask any young woman in marriage until a complete change shall have operated in the manner of living, and particularly in the dress, of the fairer sex. The young men insist on greater simplicity in every respect, and a return to the more modest habits of a century or two ago.

A Remarkably Portly Old Maid.—The "old maid," one of the immense redwood trees in the famous grove in Calaveras County, California, fell down not long ago. It was 325 feet in length, and 35 feet in diameter at the butt.

Faces in the Crowd.—A young man, tall, beautiful, and grand, sits with his wife, tall, beautiful, and grand. They look like pictures cut out of a panel, and are among the most striking of the audience. Young and handsome, they might be taken for a nineteenth-century Venus and Mars—or perhaps, by his profession, Apollo. I like to see these young well-fitting couples! Men and women marrying in their degree—and mating, not only marrying—are something for men and angels to admire; but men and women mismatched—like that pale, nervous, undersized, unmanly little fellow in the stalls, with his magnificent wife like a grenadier in petticoats by his side—are things to be any thing but admired. What on earth brought those two into such one-sided bonds? what could that magnificent female grenadier see in that miserable little mouse, looking like an unhappy tailor in his Sunday best?—and was he not afraid of being swept away into annihilation altogether by the petticoats, and the magnificence, and the well-developed inches of the lady? I do think that some women like to have husbands as much inferior to themselves as they can manage to obtain—lap-dog husbands, lady's-maid and footmen husbands — appendages to their state, things that they own and command, like their son's tutor or the family grocer. But as for any real wifehood in such a marriage, or any real husbandhood, by virtue of the calmer judgment, the wider strength, the clearer views which should belong to that condition, I don't believe it! That miserable little creature has been bought, as a pound of tea may have been bought, or a new brougham, or any thing else useful or proper for her condition; and my lady parades her purchase ticketed, and thinks, poor daft body, that it becomes her, and is all the more becoming the more insolently paraded!

Stopping Railway Trains.—If a train moving at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour were stopped instantaneously the passengers would experience a concussion equal to that of a body falling from a height of nineteen feet; they would be hurled against the sides of the carriage with a force equal to that they would be exposed to in falling from a window on the second floor of a house. If the train were moving at the rate of thirty miles per hour, they might as well fall from a height of three pair of stairs, and an express train would, in point of fact, make them fall from a fourth story.

Ladies' Dresses.—Ask a man and a woman to tell you who is the best-dressed girl at a ball, and you will hardly ever find them agreeing in their answers. Go a step further, and compare the costumes which have been selected, and you will discover almost to a certainty that the woman has singled out the most expensive dress in the room, whereas the man has only asked himself which is the most becoming. The one has suffered herself to be so impressed by the richness of the material, the elaborateness of the embroidery, the costliness of the trimmings, that in the end she has found it simply impossible to leave these things out of the calculation. The other, happy in his ignorance, has looked only at the general effect, and has probably given the preference to a young lady whose gown has no other merits than those of being scrupulously neat, becomingly cut, and perfectly well made.

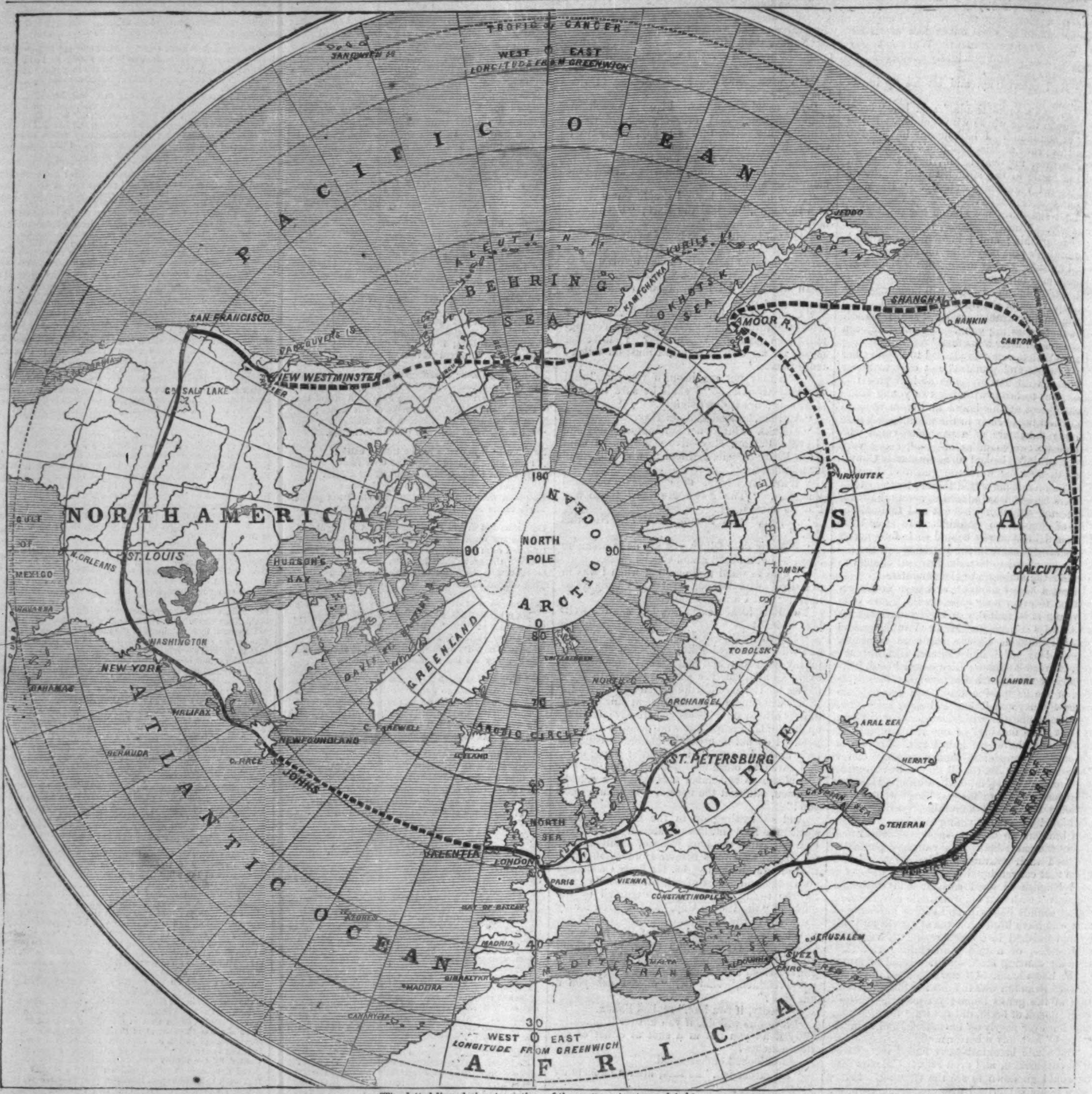
Speaking the Language.—The *Nord*, alluding to Prince Napoleon's projected visit to Dublin, gives the following anecdote of his former visit to Ireland: "The Mayor of an important town, wishing to show off his learning, prepared beforehand a discourse in French, which he delivered in presence of his Highness. Judge of the Mayor's astonishment and disappointment when the Prince replied to him, in excellent English, that he much regretted not knowing the Irish language, and was thus, to his deep regret, prevented from appreciating as he wished the flattering sentiments which no doubt the Mayor had given expression to. The Mayor, full of shame and confusion, swore he would never again make a speech in French."

Female Middle Class Education in Germany.—A French traveler in Germany says: "The culinary art forms part of the education of women in Germany. The well-to-do tradesman, like the mechanic, takes a pride in seeing his daughters good housekeepers. To effect this object, the girl, on leaving school, which she does when about fourteen years of age, goes through the ceremony of confirmation, and is then placed by her parents with a country clergyman, or in a large family, where she remains one or two years, filling what may almost be termed the post of servant, and doing the work of one. This is looked upon as an apprenticeship to domestic economy. She differs from a servant, however, in this, that she receives no wages; on the contrary, her parents often pay for the care taken of her, as well as for her clothing. This is the first step in her education of housekeeper. She next passes, on the same conditions, into the kitchen of a rich private family, or in that of some hotel of good repute. Here she has the control of the expenditure, and of the servants employed in it, and assists personally in the cooking, but is always addressed as Fräulein, or Miss, and is treated by the family with deference and consideration. Many daughters of rich families receive a similar training, with this difference, however, that they receive it in a princely mansion or a royal residence. There is a reigning queen in Germany at the present moment who was trained in this way. Consequently, the women in Germany are perfect models of order and economy. The richest lady, as well as the poorest woman, is well acquainted with the market-price of provisions; and it gives one real satisfaction to see her bustling about from one part of the house to another; now peeping into the nursery to see how the children are going on, then looking into the kitchen to see that the cook is doing her duty, and that every thing is perfectly clean, and generally giving an eye to every thing and every body, and keeping all well up to their work. In short, she is the very soul of the house."

A Rain Umbrella.—A gentleman (M. Drulep), on the road between Sourdes and Peyrouse, might recently have been seen during a heavy rain holding above his head a short walking-stick or cane. The rain, descending on this, spread out in a sheet of water, dome-fashion, and under this novel umbrella the inventor walked, as carefully protected from the falling rain as if the best silk had been above him. Crowds of people witnessed the occurrence, and very shortly, it is asserted, M. Drulep will make known his secret.

No man ever felt any thing but irritation at seeing a woman's gown doing the business of the crossing-sweeper, or attached any value to the amount of open work displayed beneath a looped-up skirt. If young ladies would but believe it—or rather, perhaps, if they did but attach any importance to it when they do believe it—a man will be perfectly satisfied with their appearance, so far as these considerations are concerned, if their petticoats are spotlessly clean and their stockings guiltless of a wrinkle. We do not say that even these characteristics are to be attained without some expenditure of money; for cleanliness, at least in New York, is not a cheap virtue, and it is not every dress-maker who knows how to make a dress. But, at any rate, the proposed standard is a good deal easier of attainment than the spurious fine-ladyism after which so many women toil in vain; and we can not but believe that, if girls did but think more of pleasing the other sex and less of vying with their own, their parents would see reason to bless the change the next time they came to look over their milliner's bill.

Recreation.—Recreation is intended to the mind, as whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, who spends his whole time in recreation is ever whetting, never mowing; his grass may grow, and his steed starve: as, contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates is ever mowing, never whetting; laboring much to little purpose. As good no scythe as no edge. Then only doth the work go forward, when the scythe is so seasonably and moderately whetted that it may cut, and so cut that it may have the help of sharpening.


TROPIC OF CANCER
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VANCOUVER IS.
NEW WESTMINSTER
SALT LAKE
NORTH AMERICA
GULF OF MEXICO
HAVANNA
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ST. LOUIS
HUDSONS BAY
WASHINGTON
NEW YORK
BAHAMAS
HALIFAX
BERMUDA
C. RACE
NEWFOUNDLAND
ST. JOHNS
C. FAREWELL
DAVIS STRAIT
GREENLAND
ICELAND
ARCTIC CIRCLE
NORTH POLE
ARCTIC OCEAN
180
90
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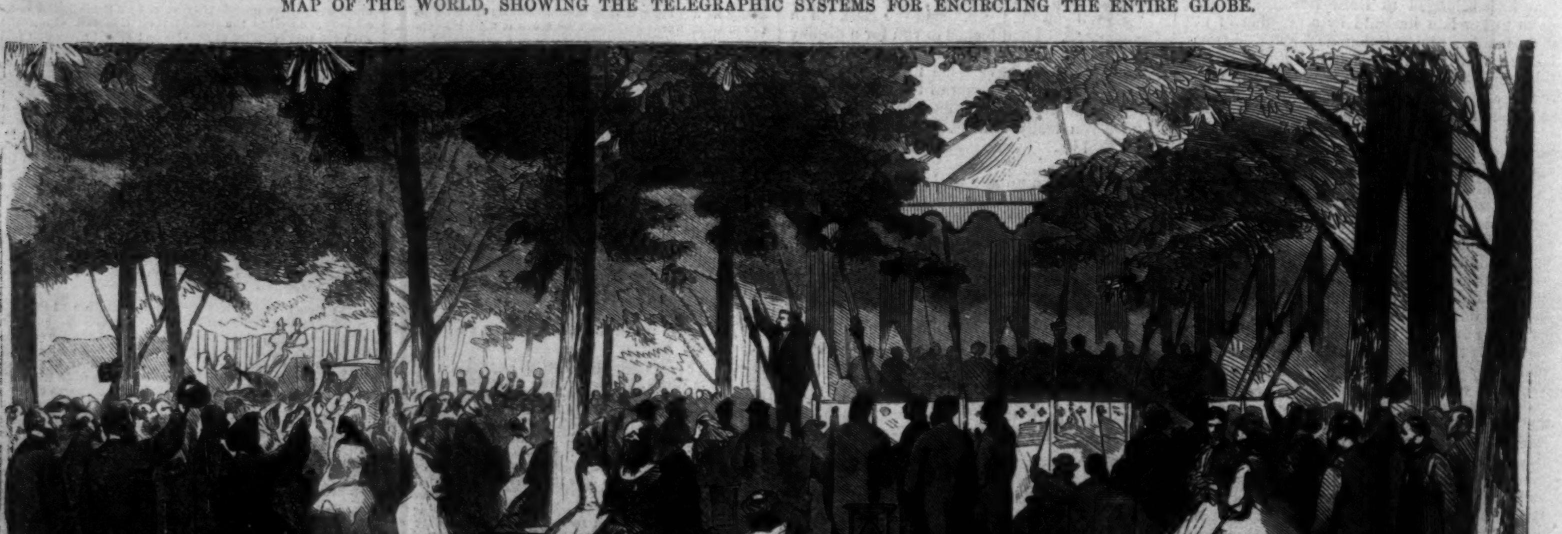
IRKOUTSK
TOMSK
TOBOLSK
ARCHANGEL
ASIA
CALCUTTA
LAHORE
ARAL SEA
HERAT
CASPIAN SEA
TEHERAN
ST. PETERSBURG
EUROPE
NORTH SEA
VALENTIA
LONDON
PARIS
VIENNA
CONSTANTINOPLE
BLACK SEA
BAY OF BISCAY
AZORES
MADRID
GIBRALTAR
MADEIRA
CANARY IS.
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
MALTA
JERUSALEM
SUEZ
CAIRO
RED SEA
PERSIAN G.
ARABIA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
40
30
WEST 0 EAST
LONGITUDE FROM GREENWICH
AFRICA

[The dotted lines designate portions of the routes not yet completed.]

MAP OF THE WORLD, SHOWING THE TELEGRAPHIC SYSTEMS FOR ENCIRCLING THE ENTIRE GLOBE.



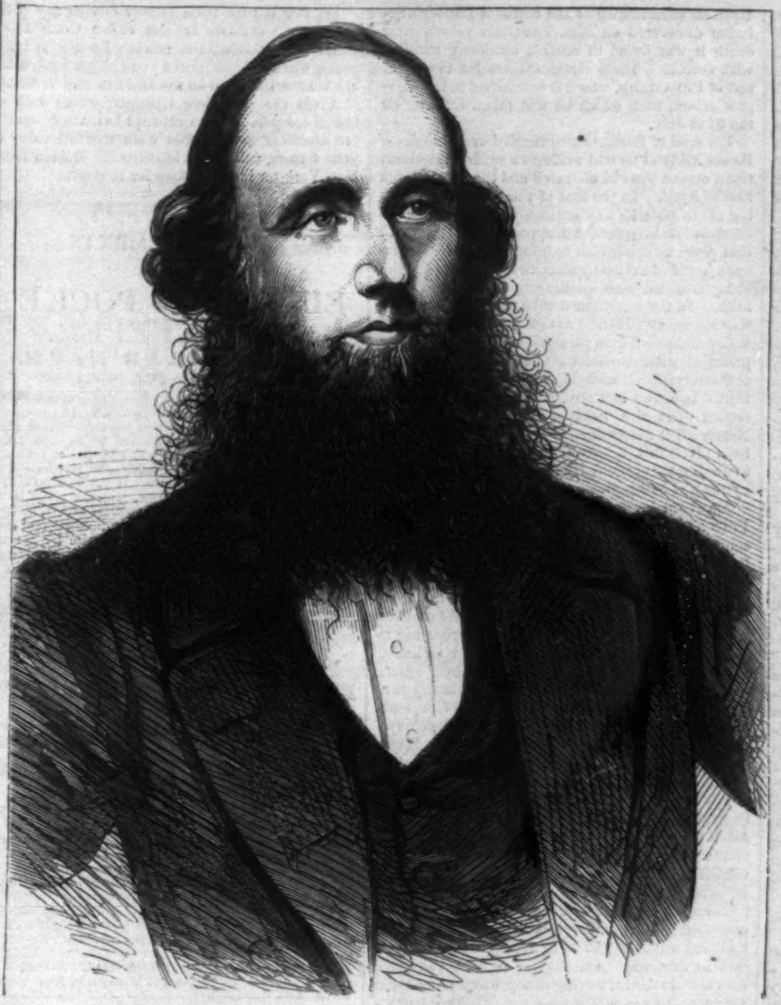
CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY AT THE PRE-CATELAN IN PARIS BY THE AMERICAN RESIDENTS.—[From a Photograph.]

THE PRITCHARD MURDERS.

Doctor Edward William Pritchard, who has just been tried in Scotland for poisoning to death his wife and mother-in-law, was born in 1825 at Southsea, Hants, England. His father was a captain in the Royal Navy. In 1840, after the usual preliminary education, Pritchard was apprenticed to two surgeons of considerable practice in Portsmouth. On the completion of his apprenticeship he came to London, and after a course of study at King's College became assistant surgeon in her Majesty's Navy. Not satisfied with the circumstances of his position he proceeded to Glasgow, and began a private practice. He was quite successful, both as a practitioner and as a contributor to several medical journals.

Thus far Dr. Pritchard's life has nothing in it to attract attention. Two years ago an event occurred which, in the minds of many, excited a suspicion in relation to his character. A servant girl in his house was burned to death under circumstances which showed that she was either drunk to insensibility, or had been heavily drugged; and in either case it was hard to account either for the cause of the fire or Dr. Pritchard's ignorance of its existence. An inquest was held in the house, over which the police looked singularly gloomy, and about which very pertinent questions were put to Dr. Pritchard. It was suspected then, and now it is confidently believed, that Dr. Pritchard had some secret reason for silencing this girl—probably her demands for money—drugged her, and then set fire to the room, trusting, as it proved rightly, that the death would be attributed to helpless intoxication.

It was in November last, apparently, when Dr. Pritchard determined to kill his mother-in-law and his wife. For this purpose he resorted to a gradual process of poisoning. He seems to have been puzzled at first what sort of poison to employ, and purchased a most extraordinary array, two ounces of tartar emetic and five and a half of tincture of aconite, and unusual quantities of strychnine, conium (hemlock), laudanum, and digitalis, and at last decided on antimony. The great symptom produced by antimony is sickness, and he had resolved to account for Mrs. Taylor's, his mother-in-law's, death as that of a secret drunkard—an idea suggested by her use of opium—and for the death of his wife by gastric fever during the first months of pregnancy. At this time the Doctor's family consisted of Dr. Pritchard and his wife, four children, two young physicians boarding with the family, and two servants, Catherine Lattimer, the cook, and Mary M'Leod, nurse and house-maid. The history of the tragedy extends from the month of November, 1864, to the death of Mrs. Pritchard, on the 18th of March, 1865. The Doctor began first to poison his wife. The antimony, which was administered in her food, sometimes produced a slight and temporary illness, and then again, confined her to her bed for several days.

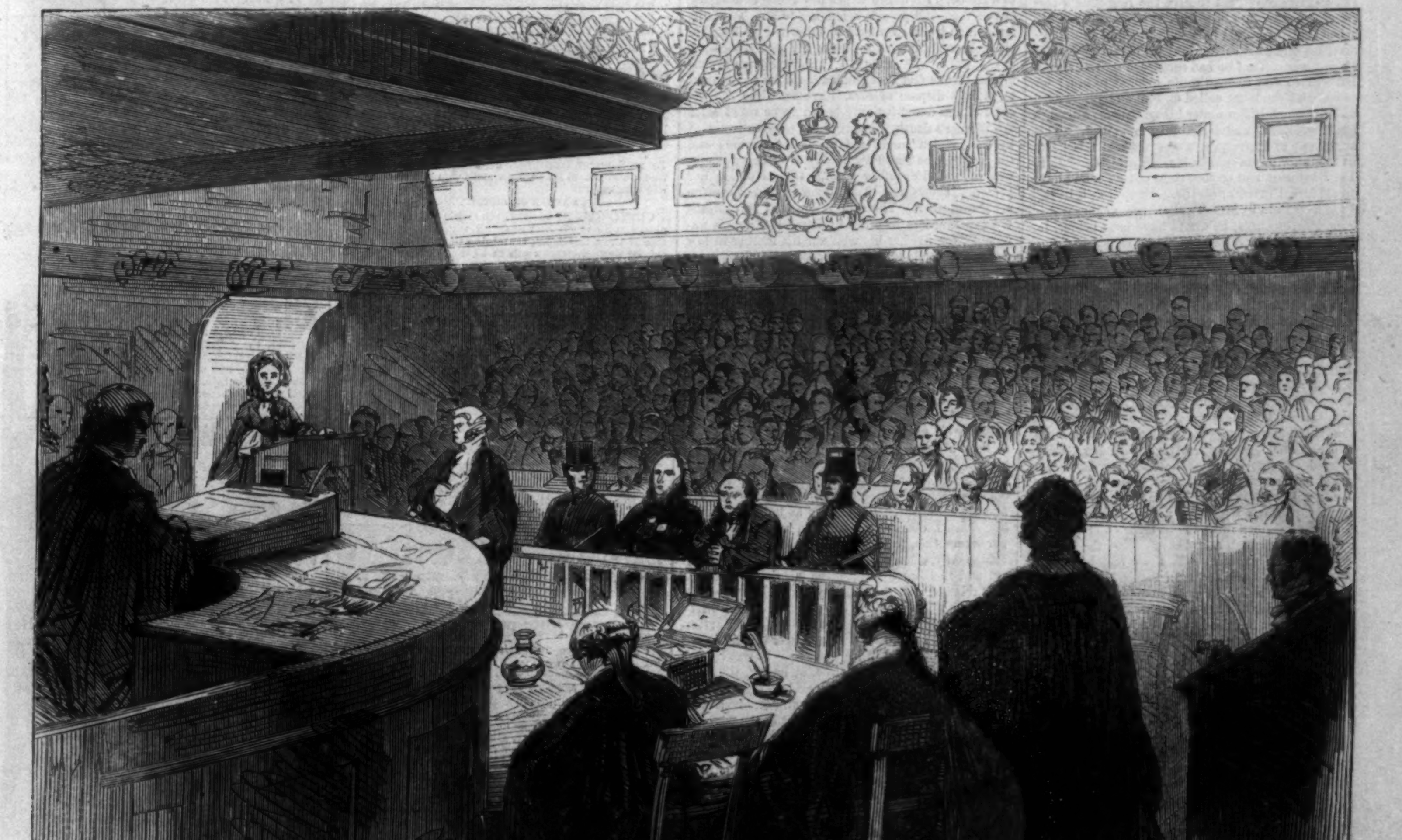


DR. PRITCHARD, THE GLASGOW POISONER.—[From a Photograph.]

Toward the close of November Mrs. Pritchard went to her mother's at Edinburgh, unattended by the Doctor, and remained until Christmas. During her absence she was entirely free from sickness, but very soon after her return to her husband's care the unfavorable symptoms returned. On the night of the 1st of February the attack was particularly severe. Soon after this, at Dr. Pritchard's suggestion, Dr. Cowan, a distant relative of Mrs. Pritchard, called upon them, and while there Mrs. Pritchard had another violent attack. Dr. Cowan suggested that Mrs. Taylor, her mother, should be at once summoned to take care of her, and this led to the addition to the family of Mrs. Taylor about the middle of February. At the same time Catherine Lattimer, the cook, went away, her place being taken by Mary Paterson. After Mrs. Taylor's arrival Mrs. Pritchard grew worse continually. Her attacks came on usually about half an hour after eating. She was so completely prostrated by the poison that she was now for nearly all the time confined to her bed. But Mrs. Taylor herself was now included in Dr. Pritchard's scheme, and with her quick work was made. Scarcely had she been in the house a week before her case had been made a complete one. She had frequently expressed wonder at the course of her daughter's illness, and toward the last began to think it resembled her own. The night of her death she was about early in the evening, but at length was attacked so violently that Dr. Paterson, a professor in the medical school at Glasgow, was sent for. Dr. Paterson, on his arrival at the house, was taken apart by Pritchard, who informed him that his mother-in-law had been suddenly attacked while writing a letter, and had fallen upon the floor. About an hour and a half had now elapsed since she had been conveyed to her bed up stairs. Dr. Paterson asked Pritchard if he could assign any reason for the suddenness of the attack. He replied that his mother-in-law and Mrs. Pritchard had been partaking of some bitter beer at supper, soon after which they both became sick and vomited, and both complained that the beer was more bitter to the taste than usual. Pritchard also insinuated that Mrs. Taylor was in the habit of occasionally indulging in drink. He stated too that his wife had been suffering a long time from gastric fever.

Upon going up stairs to Mrs. Taylor's bedroom Dr. Paterson found the patient lying upon her right side on the edge of the bed with her clothes on. Mrs. Pritchard had come up on hearing of her mother's danger, and occupied the same bed. Mrs. Taylor appeared like a woman who had been previously in good health. She was rather above the ordinary size, good-looking, well-formed, and altogether, according to Dr. Paterson's judgment, a superior looking person at her time of life. She did not show any indication of being an inebriate. Her face was pale and her skin covered with a clammy perspiration. The predominant symptoms pointed to the influence of some powerful narcotic. She was evidently dying. Her head and shoulders being slightly elevated she showed some signs of recovered consciousness, and Dr. Pritchard slapped the old lady on the shoulder saying: "You are getting better, darling?" While attending to Mrs. Taylor's case, Dr. Paterson observed Mrs. Pritchard very carefully. It appeared to him that she must be suffering from the depressing influence of antimony. Her features were sharp and thin, and there was a hectic flush on her cheeks. Her voice was weak and peculiar—resembling that of a person verging into the collapse state of cholera. In spite of Dr. Pritchard's statement that his wife was suffering from gastric fever, Dr. Paterson could not get rid of the conviction that she was being poisoned by antimony. The next day Mr. Taylor, who had been summoned from Edinburgh, called at Dr. Paterson's for a certificate, Mrs. Taylor having died during the previous night. The doctor refused a certificate, and upon being applied to therefor by the registrar on the 3d of March he refused again, accompanying his refusal with a note which was intended to open that officer's eyes. He wrote that he was surprised at being called upon to certify the cause of death in this case. He only saw the person for a few minutes before her death. Dr. Pritchard might certify the cause. The death, he said, was certainly sudden, unexpected, and to him mysterious.

While Mary Paterson and the washer-woman



TRIAL OF DR. PRITCHARD—THE COURT DURING THE EXAMINATION OF MARY M'LEOD.

were dressing Mrs. Taylor's body they found in the pocket of her dress a bottle of Battley's Solution, which Mary Paterson put under the drawers. Afterward Pritchard came in and said that he wanted to see the bottle which Mary M'Leod said had been found. Upon looking at it he exclaimed, "Good Heavens, has she taken all that since Tuesday!" He added that Mrs. Taylor ought not to have got a girl like that (meaning M'Leod) to buy it for her—she ought to have told him. He wished them to say nothing of the matter, as it might lead him into trouble.

Mrs. Taylor having been disposed of, Doctor Pritchard devoted himself with renewed ardor to his remaining case. It is wonderful that the uniformity with which Mrs. Pritchard's fits of violent sickness followed upon her meals aroused no suspicion as to the real cause of her difficulty. This is especially remarkable, because in two separate instances a peculiar taste was discovered in her food by her servants. A piece of cheese, intended for Mrs. Pritchard's supper, was tasted by Mary M'Leod, and the latter experienced a peculiar burning sensation in her throat, which was followed by thirst. On another occasion Mary Paterson the cook tasted of some egg-flip, which the Doctor had prepared for his wife, and which caused vomiting and violent sickness.

Dr. Paterson's conduct in the matter was very reprehensible. He was called to visit Mrs. Pritchard one week after Mrs. Taylor's death. He found her weak and prostrate; but in her feeble voice she expressed her satisfaction and her gratitude at his visit. Then, in a very earnest manner, she asked him if he had really thought her mother was dying when he saw her. "Most decidedly," he said; and he had told Dr. Pritchard so. She then clasped her hands, looked up, and feebly exclaimed, "Good God, is it possible?" and burst into a flood of tears. Dr. Paterson entered into conversation with her regarding her mother's previous state of health. Mrs. Pritchard said that her mother's health was generally good, but she suffered occasionally from neuralgic headaches, to relieve which she had recourse to Battley's Sedative Solution (of opium). In regard to her own self she told Dr. Paterson that, for some time past, she had suffered very much from sickness, retching, and vomiting, with severe pains in the stomach and through the bowels, accompanied with purging, great heat, and uneasiness about the mouth and throat, and a constant, urgent thirst. The Doctor examined her tongue, which was very foul and of a light-brown color. Her face was more deeply flushed than when he last saw her, her pulse was weak and rapid, and her skin moist and cold. All these symptoms confirmed Dr. Paterson's opinion that she was being slowly poisoned. But what did he do to relieve her? He prescribed Champagne and brandy to recruit the strength, but said not one word nor took one step to prevent the continuance of the poisoning. He also prescribed small pieces of ice to relieve thirst, and, when she tired of that, citrate of magnesia. As to food he seems to have had reference to nutriment chiefly, prescribing soup, arrow-root, etc.

It was the next day after this interview that Dr. Paterson refused to give the Registrar a certificate of the cause of Mrs. Taylor's death. He hoped that this would be a sufficient hint to the authorities, and would also frighten the murderer from his purpose. That he had succeeded in frightening Dr. Pritchard seemed quite evident to him; for on March 5 the latter called on him and pronounced his wife much better under his treatment, although some weakness and irritability remained. This statement of Pritchard's was a direct falsehood, as the unfortunate woman was growing worse. If Dr. Paterson had spoken right out he would have saved Mrs. Pritchard's life. Doubtless, if he had been as certain in Mrs. Taylor's case as he was in Mrs. Pritchard's, he would have been bolder, for then he would have been confident that a *post mortem* examination in the former case would confirm his statements. But not sure of being thus confirmed he did not feel safe in expressing his opinions openly. He desired suspicion to fall upon Dr. Pritchard, but did not dare himself to make the first movement in that direction.

But the time was at hand when the fact of Mrs. Pritchard's death would lead the way for a detection of the murder. On the 17th of March Dr. Paterson was called to Mrs. Pritchard for the last time. That lady was then on the verge of death. She recognized the Doctor with a feeble smile. The Doctor was struck with her terribly altered appearance since he last saw her. She could only speak in muttering tones, and her face had a wild expression. Her pulse was weaker and more rapid—her tongue of a darker brown. The Doctor prescribed medicine to bring on sleep.

Pritchard had, a few hours after, the pleasure of seeing his work, at which he had labored for five months, finally accomplished. He and Mary M'Leod were with the poor woman until she died. When she breathed her last he was in bed with her. He cried over her dead body, exclaiming that she was not dead, and calling upon her to come back to her dear Edward. As Mary Paterson, the cook, entered the room he asked her to bring a rifle and shoot him. The following entry is found in his diary of that date:

> "— 17, Friday.—Died here at 1 A.M. Mary Jane, my own beloved wife, aged 38 years; no torment surrounded her bedside, but like a calm, peaceful lamb of God passed Minnie away. Prayer on prayer till mine be o'er, everlasting love. Save us, Lord, for Thy dear Son."

When the body was taken to Edinburgh he was so anxious to look again upon the features of his "own beloved wife" that he had the coffin reopened, and fervently kissed her dead face, which he had been torturing with convulsion and pinching with poison for weeks.

An anonymous letter was soon received by the authorities which led to an investigation. The bodies of both Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Pritchard were examined. In both cases it was found that every organ connected with the circulatory and digestive systems betrayed the presence of antimony. Upon an examination of the bottle of Battley's Solution discovered on Mrs. Taylor's person after death it was found to contain antimony mingled with aconite. These circumstances led to the arrest of Pritchard, who was committed to the Glasgow prison, from which he was taken for trial on the 3d of July.

The trial of Pritchard extended over five days. Before his trial he had made two separate declarations, one on the 22d of March and the other on the 21st of April. In the first of these he denied having given his wife any antimony, but with the intention of making her death appear suicidal he stated that previous to her visit to Edinburgh he had given her a bottle of antimony for outward application, she being troubled with swelling in the glands of the neck. In the second he denied that he was in any way accessory to Mrs. Taylor's death, and that he believed she died from paralysis and apoplexy. The principal witnesses on the trial were the servants of Pritchard's household, of whom the most prominent was Mary M'Leod, and the doctors who attended upon Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Pritchard. Nearly all the facts elicited by the testimony have been given in this narrative. But it is important to dwell more particularly upon the testimony given by the girl M'Leod.

Mary M'Leod, when she went to service at Pritchard's, was not yet fifteen years old. In the course of the summer of 1864 Dr. Pritchard treated her with great familiarity. She became with child by him, and the Doctor produced a miscarriage. Once Mrs. Pritchard saw him kiss her in one of the bedrooms, and the girl told her mistress that she would leave, but the latter would not permit her to go away. After this time the improper intimacy was continued, and Pritchard promised Mary that if his wife died before him he would marry her. He had got the better of her by means of presenting her with jewelry; he gave her his photograph a few days before Mrs. Pritchard died. Mary M'Leod's testimony was given with great hesitation and reluctance.

The argument for the defense was almost entirely negative. The chief stress was laid on the absence of any motive sufficient for the commission of the crime. The jury were unanimous in their verdict against the prisoner, who was sentenced to be hung on the 28th of July.

After the sentence had been passed Pritchard confessed to the murder of his wife and to criminal intimacy with the girl M'Leod, but denied that he was in any way instrumental in Mrs. Taylor's death. He denied having in any way administered antimony to his wife in any shape during her illness, but says that at the last he administered chloroform to her at her request, and under the influence of partial intoxication had been tempted to give her enough to cause death. He added that since his acquaintance with M'Leod he had been under the influence of madness.

The most curious feature of the murders is that no more adequate motive can be alleged for their commission. This is the more curious from the fact that Dr. Pritchard was gentle in manner, a man who was somewhat popular, and who was very seductive to ignorant girls. The real motive appears to have been his desire to get possession of a legacy of two thousand pounds belonging to Mrs. Taylor, and which he knew would be inherited by his wife on such conditions as to insure his own possession in case of his wife's death. This supposition is confirmed by the fact that summary means were taken to rapidly dispose of Mrs. Taylor, while the decline of the daughter only began to be rapid after the mother's death. Pritchard was embarrassed by debt, which would add to the temptation; and the fact that he could watch day after day the agonies of his wife, rather seeking than avoiding her presence, shows how little horror he had of even so cruel a murder. The supposition that he committed the murders in order to marry M'Leod is untenable, for neither his wife nor his mother-in-law were an obstacle to their intercourse. Indeed in his confession Pritchard says that his wife was aware of their intimacy, and did all in her power to hide it from the eyes of the world. This fact only aggravates the horror of his crime. The remarkable feature which separates this crime from those of every-day occurrence is the intellectual cruelty of the murderer, the marvelous coldness of heart which could induce him to protract through six weeks a scene of daily agony—to kill a wife with whom he had lived in amity for fifteen years, and whom he probably did not dislike, by repeated shocks of pain; to bear a daily spectacle of suffering inflicted by himself without emotion, or feeling, or fear, or even a sense of weariness. The same characteristics were displayed by the wretched prisoner at his trial. For five days he watched the jury as he had watched his victims, observing patiently, and with no apparent emotion, the effect of each morsel of evidence. It was only when observation ceased to be necessary, and the Judge pronounced his doom, that the will relaxed, and the unhappy man fainted away.

There was a mixture of stupidity with subtlety in these murders after all. If those around Pritchard had not been themselves stupid or blind, he must have been detected in his purpose. It was again a great blunder to falsely state, as he did, the cause of Mrs. Taylor's death. He said that she suffered from paralysis for twelve hours and one hour from apoplexy, when it was known that in the evening, and within five hours of her death, she was writing letters in the consulting-room. He overdid every thing, even his expression of sorrow over his wife's dead body. He was at once a man destitute of conscience, swayed by the lowest of motives, and a debased hypocrite.

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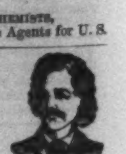

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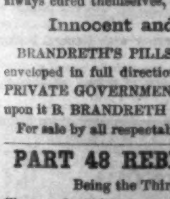

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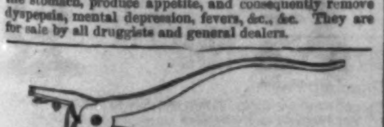

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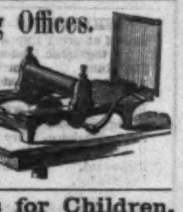

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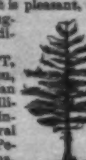

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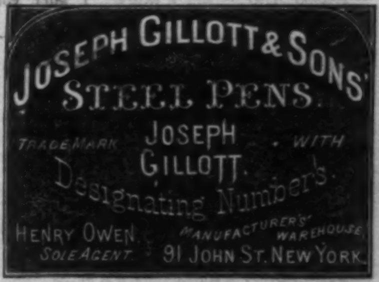
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